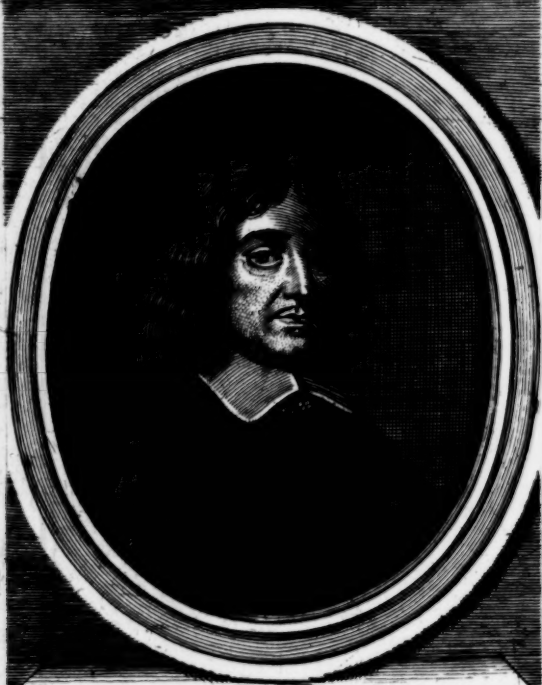


Vera Effigies
IOHANNIS CLEAVELAND

Printed for Nat. Brooke at the Angel in Cornhill



Vera Effigies
IOHANNIS CLEAVELAND

Printed for Nat. Brooke at the Angel in Cornhill

Clevelandi Vindiciæ;
O R,
CLIEVELAND'S
Genuine P O E M S,
Orations, Epistles; &c.

Purged from the many
False & Spurious Ones
Which had usurped his Name, and
from innumerable Errours and
Corruptions in the true Copies.

To which are added many Additions
never Printed before: With an Ac-
count of the Author's Life.

Published according to the Author's own Copies.

L O N D O N,
Printed for *Obadiah Blagrove*, at the Sign of the
Bear in *St. Paul's Church Yard*, near the Little North
Door, 1677.

a

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTEN

LENOX

TILDEN

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

1885

John Baptist (1691) 2

John Baptist (1691) 2

TO THE

Right Worshipful

And Reverend

FRANCIS TURNER D. D.

Master of St. John's Colledge in Cambridge, and to the Worthy Fellows of the same Colledge.

Gentlemen,



That we interrupt your more serious Studies with the offer of this Piece, the injury that hath been and is done

to the deceased Author's ashes not only pleadeth our excuse, but engageth you (whose once he was, and within whose walls this standard of wit was

The Epistle

first set up) in the same quarrel with us.

Whilst Randolph and Cowley lie embalmed in their own native wax, how is the name and memory of Clieveland equally prophaned by those that usurp, and those that blaspheme it? By those that are ambitious to lay their Cuckows eggs in his nest, and those that think to raise up Phenixes of wit by firing his spicy bed about him?

We know you have not without passionate resentments beheld the prostitution of his name in some late Editions vended under it, wherein his Orations are murdered over and over in barbarous Latine, and a more barbarous Translation: and wherein is scarce one or other Poem of his own to commute for all the rest. At least every Curiasier of his hath a fulsom Dragoon behind him, and Venus is again unequally yoked with a sooty Anvile.

beate,

Dedicatory.

beater. Clieveland thus reviv'd dieth
another death.

You cannot but have beheld with
like zealous indignation how enviously
our late Musbrom-wits look up at him
because he overdroppeth them, and
snarl at his brightness as Dogs at
the Moon.

Some of these grand Sophys will
not allow him the reputation of
wit at all: yet how many such Au-
thors must be creamed and spirited to
make up his Fuscara? And how many
of their slight productions may be gig-
ged out of one of his pregnant Words?
There perhaps you may find some leaf-
gold, here massie wedges; there some
scattered rayes, here a Galaxy; there
some loose fancy frisking in the Ayr,
here Wit's Zodiack.

The quarrel in all this is upbraid-
ing merit, and eminence his crime. His
tolling Fancy soareth so high a pitch
A 4 that

The Epistle

that they fly like shades below him. The Torrent thereof (which riseth far above their high water mark) drowneth their Lewels. Usurping upon the State Poetick of the time he hath brought in such insolent measures of Wit and Language that despairing to imitate, they must Study to understand. That alone is Wit with them to which they are commensurate, and what exceedeth their scantling is monstrous.

Thus they deifie his Wit and Fancy as the Clown the plump Oyster when he could not crack it. And now instead of that strenuous masculine stile which breatheth in this Author, we have only an enervous effeminate froth offered, as if they had taken the salivating Pill before they set pen to paper. You must hold your breath in the perusal lest the Jest vanish by blowing on. Another blemish in this monster of perfection is the exuberance of his
Fancy.

Dedicatory.

Fancy. His Manna lieth so thick upon the ground they loath it. When he should only fan, he with Hurricanos of wit stormeth the sense and doth not so much delight his Reader, as oppress and overwhelm him.

To cure this excess, their frugal wit hath reduced the World to a Lessian Diet. If perhaps they entertain their Reader with one good Thought (as these new Dictators affect to speak) he may sit down and say Grace over it: the rest is words and nothing else.

We will leave them therefore to the most proper vengeance, to humour themselves with the perusal of their own Poems: and leave the Barber to rub their thick skulls with bran until they are fit for Musk. Only we will leave this friendly advice with them; that they have one eye upon John Tredeskant's Executor, lest among his other Minims of Art and Nature he expose

The Epistle, &c.

pose their slight Conceits : and another upon the Royal Society , lest they make their Poems the counter-balance when they intend to weigh Air.

From these unequal censures we appeal to such competent Judges as your selves , in whose just value of him Clieveland shall live the wonder of his own, and the pattern of succeeding Ages. And although we might (upon several accompts) bespeak your affections, yet (abstracting from these) we submit him to your severer Judgments , and doubt not but he will find that Patronage from you which is desired and expected by

Your humble Servants.

J.L. W.D,

A short Account of the Author's Life.

HE was born at *Hinckley*, a small Market Town in the County of *Leicester*, if we may esteem that small which glorieth in so great a Birth.

His Father was the Reverend and Learned Minister of the Place. *Fortes creantur è fortibus*. Being thus well descended for a vein of Learning he even lisped wit, like an English *Bard*, and was early ripe for the University, who was one.

To cherish so great hopes, the Lady *Margaret* drew forth both her breasts. *Christ's* College in *Cambridge* gave him Admittance, and *St. John's* a Fellowship. There he lived about the space of nine years, the delight and ornament of that Society. What Service, as well as Reputation he did it, let his Orations and Epistles speak; to which the Library oweth much of its Learning, the Chappel much of its pious Decency, and the College much of its Renown.

The

The Rayes which he thus shed upon others, reflected upon himself. But that which alone may suffice for his honour is, that after the Oration which he addressed to that Incomparable Prince, of Blessed Memory, *Charles* the First, the King called for him, and (with great expressions of kindness) gave him his hand to kiss, and commanded a Copy to be sent after him to *Huntington*, whither he was hastening that Night.

Thus he shined with equal light and influence until the general Eclipse; of which no man had more Sagacious Prognosticks. When *Oliver* was in Election to be Burgess for the Town of *Cambridge*, as he engaged all his Friends and Interests to oppose it, so when it was passed, he said with much passionate Zeal, That single Vote had ruined both Church and Kingdom. Such havoc the good Prophet beheld in *Hazael's* face. Such fatal Events did he presage from his bloody beak. And no sooner did that Schrich Owl appear in the University but this Sun declined. Perceiving the Ostracism that was intended, he became a Voluntier in his Academick Exile, and would no longer breath the common Air with such Pests of Mankind.

From thence he betook himself to the
Camp

Camp of his Sovereign, and particularly to *Oxford* the Head-Quarter of it, as the most proper and proportionate Sphere for his Wit, Learning and Loyalty; and added no small Lustre to that with which that famous University shined before.

His next Stage was the Garrison of *Newark*, where he was Judge Advocate, until the Surrender: and, by an excellent temperate of both, was a just and prudent Judge for the King, and a faithful Advocate for the Countrey. There he drew up that gallant Return to the Summons of the Besiegers, which spake him, and the rest that were embarked with him, resolute to sacrifice their Lives to their Loyalty, had not the King's Especial Command, when first he had surrendred himself into the hands of the *Scots*, made such stubborn Loyalty a Crime. And here again he was *Vates* in the whole import of the word, both Poet and Prophet: for, beside his passionate resentment of it in that excellent Poem, *The King's Disguise*, upon some private Intelligence, three dayes before the King reached them, he foresaw the Pieces of Silver paying upon the Banks of *Tweed*, and that they were the price of his Sovereign's blood, and predicted the Tragical Events.

Thence-

Thenceforth he followed the Fates of distressed Loyalty, for which, when he had been long imprisoned at *Tarmonth*, he addressed his Petition to *Oliver*; wherein he courteth his freedom with such insinuations as might neither do violence to his Conscience, nor betray his Cause.

After many intermediate Stages (which contended as emulously for his aboad, as the seven Cities for *Homer's* Birth) *Grays-Inn* was his last: which when he had ennobled with some short residence also, an Intermitting Fever seized him, whereof he died. A Disease at that time Epidemical: and if it had taken him only away (so publick was the loss) it deserved to carry the name of a Common Mortality.

He was buried upon the first day of *May* (for which nothing but the 29. can attone) in the Parish Church of *St. Michael Royal* upon *College Hill London*, Anno 1658. To which being attended by many Persons of Learning and Loyalty, Mr. *Edward Thurman* performed the Office of Burial, and the Reverend and Learned Dr. *Pearson* (now Lord Bishop of *Chester*) Preached his Funeral Sermon, and made his Death Glorious.

And now there wanteth nothing but a Monument for him: and in this Book he hath

hath erected one to himself, which Envy
may repine at, but cannot reach.

Clievelandi

CLIEVELANDI Manibus,
Parentalia.

Umbra diu Elisi lacrymabilis accola Pindi,
Pieriis hæsit quæ taciturna vadis,
Pegaseo merita nudatæque remige primæ
Serpfit humi, gemino diguior illa iugo;
Tandem cum cursum popularior aura negasset,
Trajecit famæ vela datura suæ.
Luce novâ radians, jam fulgida cernitur umbra,
Cui numen Phœbus sænerat, atque facem.
Ridet Hyampelque humilem de vertice vallem,
Et volitat pennâ non nisi vincta suâ.
Jam reparat famæ damnosa silentia, totâ
Qui caniturque Deæ, Pieridumque tubâ.
Cumque suâ, quæ jam durabunt carmina, cedro,
Elusere minas temporis & tineæ,
Blatta suo vexet Clievelandum Criticæ morsu,
Usque suos ungues rodât, & usque virum;
Commistum salibus tamen ut gustarit acetum,
Decidua ultricem mittet hirudo cutem,
Usque Cuthurnato concu'cent carmina socco,
Quis, præter fastum, nil sua Roma dedit;
Usque necet Vitem crudum de pegmate Drama,
Et levis excipiat tam grave visus opus;

Attamen in meritis transibunt Sibila plausus,
Clamosumque, premet murmur inane, Sophos,
Altior incedit vates pumilone Corburno;
Grandius & superat pegmata celsa decus,
Nostra quidem proavos ætas male passa Poetas,
Vix canos gemino suspicit ore dies :
Sed resplendet adhuc æterni nominis umbra;
Atque Poetastris dat sine nube diem.
Cui Tagus est Helicon, & Mons Auratus, Olympus,
Qui totas numerat Carmine divitias.
Plurima cui nitido collucet gemma libello,
Quamvis non panxit Sardonychata manus.
Dissimili ingenio qui plumbea sæcla flagellat,
Quique alter Musis præsist Apollo suis.
Cedit in exemplar venturi temporis, ætas
Seraque Clievelandum consules Archetypum.

J. L.

Hail

1.

Hail venerable Reliques ! unto whom
 Old and new Idolatrous Rome
 Might pay devotion
 Free from Superstition.
 Your sacred Oracles found the Sibyl's fate,
 Equally divine, alike unfortunate.
 Injurious time did both disperse,
 Like Pompey's Ruines, through an Universe.
 Whose leaves (like these) scattered were,
 The burthen of the swelling Air,
 Though fallen, yet like their Laurels flourishing and fair,
 Those sacrific'd to Tarquin's Fame,
 Deriv'd their splendour from their flame.
 These from Charls his name
 Illustrious became.

2.

Hail Mercury's and Apollo's Son !
 If not by Nature, sure by Adoption.
 By whose joint gift thou dost inherit
 Cicero's tongue, and Virgil's spirit.

Worthy thou enshrin'd to rest
 In a sacred Vatican,
 Or learned Tusculan,
 Worthy of Meccenas breast:
 Justly the Muses stil'd, and Cæsar's Laureate
 Since in the State
 Thy pen did the sword's business anticipate.
 Thy quill the Roman Eagles did outfly,
 And conquering taught the Rebell Scot fidelity;
 The noblest triumph, and the happiest victory.
 The Caledonian Satyre scarce thine withstood;
 Unto thy Laurel stoop'd the glory of his wood,
 From thee Montroils had learn'd to write in wounds
 (and blood.

3.

Thou Cæsar like, for sword and book renown'd,
 Both in the Muses camp, and Martial crown'd;
 (As if thy sacred wreath was meant
 Both wits and lightnings flashes to prevent,
 Both for security and ornament)
 Thy no less flourishing praise
 Deserves Minerva's double bayes
 Who sang so sweet in troublesem, and Halcyon days;
 Trent's dying Swans we see o'rcome with thy Mantuan
 (lays.
 Both

Both ready to resign that breath
Wish which you sing your own, and Countreys death;
Of Newark's, and your own sad story,
The equal grief and glory.

4

Hail celestial Urn!
Whose ashes like the neighbouring stars do shine & burn
And liberally dispense
To the Poetick world wit's benevolence;
Whose greater Orb the less doth influence.
Hail Reverend Bard! whose name in British story
Shall raise new Monuments of glory,
Whereon thou sublim'd shalt sit
The Genius of wit.

The winged Pegasus mounts so high,
As if to the wind the Gennet ow'd his Progeny.
The lofty Pindar stops his flight,
And only gazeth at, not emulates thy height.
Whom at that distance plac'd we see,
There's no parallel for thy Degree,
But thine own Climax, or Hyperbole,
Which out-soars Dedalus his pitch, without his destiny.

L. T.

In

In Tertiam (at verò primam) Editionem Poematum Johannis Clivelandi.

Quid video? Video, et lætor spectare cluentis
Quam bene vulgati Tertia scripti libri.
Annon prima valent? nec adhuc genuina secunda

Quis spurias chartas edidit hæc suas?
Quis fuit hos pupos, strigosos, & male sanos
Qui genuit? prolem & te genuisse blattit:
Hujus Tunc parens? imò nec Compater, ipsam
Consortem Tumuli ne patiare Tui:
Sed sic ludit iners & credula fama popelli,
Unus delirat, plectitur innocuus,
Nan nova peccanti res est simulare parentem,
Non nova mentiri nomen, & ora viri,
Filius ast tandem Clivelandi en Filius ipse,
Natus & ex Cerebro, ut nata Minerva Jovis,
Et cùm Cromvelicis nova Troja erat obruta
flammis

Filius ut veteris sustulit ille Patrem. (ipsum,
Non est quid dubites (lector) patrem exprimit
Regius, omninò Regius, Acta sonans,
Ingenio eloquioq; potens, sed verba fatiscunt,
Solus qui potis est dicere, Tolle Librum.

Gasparus Justice.

In mortem Doctissimi, & Poetarum
plane Principis Domini Clieve-
landi Epicedium.

Qui metricis nollet pedibus Cantare Poe-
tam

Pierides faciant, ut pereat podagrâ
Quæ vestros Clivelande manus non pingit
honores,

Scævola, vel Tecum sentiat esse rogam.
Pullatus lachrymor, quoties Lux ista recurrit
Rubricam mortis quæ memorare jubet.
Hinc Epocham, numeret Luctus, Ecclesia &
inde

Proh dolor! Exitium Carolus ipse suum.
In Scotos gladio Tibi Musa potentior olim:
Versibus & Victi succubnere Tuis
Vota utinam in Terris Regem renouentque
Poetam

Hic Te Tuque illo Carole, dignus erat.

Sic Cecinit summo

Cum mœrore

Edvardus Thurman.

On Mr. Cliveland and his Poems.

Cliveland again his sacred head doth
raise
Ev'n in the dust crown'd with immortal Bays,
Again with Verses arm'd, that once did fright
Lycambes's Daughters from the hated light,
Sets his bold foot on Reformation's neck,
And triumphs o'r the vanquish'd Monster
Smeck, (crease
That Hydra whose proud heads did so en-
That it deserv'd no less an Hercules.
This, this is he who in Poetick rage
With Scorpions lash'd the madness of the Age,
Who durst the fashions of the Times despise
And be a Wit when all mankind grew Wise,
When formal Beards at twenty one were seen
And Men grew Old almost as soon as Men,
Who in those days when Reason, Wit, and Sense
Were by the Zealots grave Impertinence
Teleped Folly, and in Ve-ri-ty
Did savour rankly of Carnality,
When each notch'd Prentice might a Poet prove
For warbling through the Nose a Hymn of
Love,
When Sage George Withers and Grave Wil-
liam Pryn
Himself might for a Poets share put in,
Yet then could write with so much art & skill
That Rome might envy his Satyrick Quill,
And

*And crabbed Persius his hard lines give o'r;
And in disdain beat his brown Desk no more.
How I admire thee, Clieveland! when I
weigh*

*Thy close wrought sense, and every line surveys
They are not like those things which some com-
pose* (loose

*Who in a Maze of words the wandring sense do
Who spin one thought into so long a thread;
And beat their Wit too thin to make it spread;
Till 'tis too fine for our weak eyes to find
And dwindles into nothing in the end.*

*No; they're above the Genius of this Age (Page.
Each word of thine swells pregnant with a
Then why do some Mens nicer Ears complain
Of the uneven harshness of thy strain?
Preferring to the Vigour of thy Muse
Some smooth, weak Rhymer, that so gently flows,
That Ladies may his easie strains admire
And melt like Wax before the softning fire.*

*Let such to Women write, you write to Men;
We study Thee, when we but Play with Them.*

By A. B.

Clieveland's



CLEVELAND'S Poems

Digested in Order.

S E C T. I.

Containing

LOVE-POEMS.

Fuscara or the Bee Errant.



Nature's Confectioner the Bee,
 (Whose Suckets are moist Alchimy;
 The Still of his refining Mold
 Minting the Garden into Gold)
 Having rifled all the Fields

Of what Dainties *Flora* yields.

Ambitious now to take Excise

Of a more fragrant Paradise,

At my *Fuscara's* Sleeve arriv'd,

Where all delicious Sweets are hiv'd.

B

The

The Airy Freebooter distrains
 First on the Violet of her Veins,
 Whose Tincture could it be more pure,
 His ravenous kifs had made it blewer.
 Here did he sit, and Essence quaff,
 Till her coy Pulse had beat him off;
 That Pulse, which he that feels may know
 Whether the World's long liv'd, or no.
 The next he preys on is her Palm,
 That Alm'ner of transpiring Balm;
 So soft, 'tis Air but once remov'd,
 Tender as 'twere a Jelly glov'd.
 Here, while his canting Drone-pipe scan'd
 The mystick Figures of her hand,
 He tipples Palmestry, and dines
 On all her Fortune-telling Lines:
 He bathes in Bliss, and finds no odds
 Betwixt this Nectar and the Gods.
 He pearches now upon her Wrist
 (A proper Hawk for such a Fist)
 Making that Flesh his Bill of Fare,
 Which hungry Canibals would spare,
 Where Lillies in a lovely brown
 Inoculate Carnation.
 Her Argent Skin with Or so stream'd,
 As if the milky-way were cream'd;

From hence he to the Woodbine bends
 That quivers at her fingers ends,
 That runs division on the Tree,
 Like a thick-branching Pedigree ;
 So 'tis not her the Bee devours,
 It is a pretty Maze of Flowers.
 It is the Rose that bleeds, when he
 Nibbles his nice Phlebotomy.
 About her finger he doth cling
 Ith' fashion of a Wedding Ring,
 And bids his Comrades of the Swarm
 Crawl like a Bracelet 'bout her Arm,
 Thus when the hovering Publican
 Had suck'd the Toll of all her Span,
 (Tuning his Draughts with drowsie Hums,
 As *Danes* Carouze by Kettle-drums)
 It was decreed (that *Posie* glean'd)
 The small Familiar should be wean'd.
 At this the *Errant's* Courage quails ;
 Yet ayded by his native Sails,
 The bold *Columbus* still designs
 To find her undiscover'd Mines.
 To th' *Indies* of her Arm he flies,
 Fraught both with East and Western Prize,
 Which when he had in vain essay'd,
 (Arm'd like a Dapper Lancepresade

With Spanish Pike) he broach'd a Pore,
 And so both made and heal'd the Sore :
 For as in Gummy Trees there's found
 A Salve to issue at the Wound ;
 Of this her breach the like was true,
 Hence trickled out a Balsom too.
 But oh ! What Wasp was't that could prove
Raviliack to my Queen of Love ?
 The King of Bees now jealous grown,
 Left her Beams should melt his Throne,
 And finding that his Tribute slack,
 His Burgesses and State of Wax
 Turn'd to an Hospital ; the Combs
 Built Rank and File, like Beadsmens Rooms,
 And what they bleed but tart and sowre
 Match'd with my *Danae's* golden showre,
 Live Hony all, the envious Elf
 Stung her, cause sweeter than himself.
 Sweetness and She are so alli'd,
 The Bee committed Paricide,

The Senses Festival.

I Saw a Vision yesternight
 Enough to sate a Seeker's sight,
 I wish'd my self a shaker there,
 And her quick Pants my trembling Sphere.
 It was a She so glittering bright,
 You'd think her Soul an Adamite,
 A Person of so rare a frame,
 Her Body might be lin'd with th' same.
 Beautie's chiefest Maid of Honour,
 You may break Lent with looking on her.

Not the fair Abbess of the Skies
 With all her Nunnery of Eyes
 Can shew me such a glorious Prize.

And yet because 'tis more Renown
 To make a shadow shine, she's brown,
 A Brown for which Heaven would disband
 The Galaxie, and Stars be tann'd;
 Brown by Reflexion, as her Eye
 Deals out the Summer's Livery.
 Old dormant Windows must confess
 Her Beams, their glimmering Spectacles,

The

Struck with the Splendor of her face,
Do th' office of a Burning glass.

Now where such radiant Lights have shown,
No wonder if her Cheeks be grown
Sun-burnt, with Lustre of her own.

My Sight took pay ; but (thank my Charms)

I now impale her in mine Arms

(Love's Compasses, confining you
Good Angels, to a Circle too.)

Is not the Universe strait-lac'd,
When I can clasp it in the Waste?

My amorous Fold about thee hurl'd,
With *Drake* I girdle in the World;
I hoop the Firmament, and make
This my Embrace the Zodiack.

How could thy Center take my Sense,
When Admiration doth commence
At the extreme Circumference ?

Now to the melting Kifs that tips
The Jellied Philtre of her Lips ;
So Sweet there is no Tongue can prays't,
Till transubstantiate with a Taste,
Inspir'd like *Mahomet* from above
By th' Billing of my Heavenly Dove.

Love prints his Signets in her Smacks,
 Those ruddy drops of squeezing Wax,
 Which wheresoever she imparts,
 They're Privy-Seals to take up Hearts.

Our mouths encountring at the sport,
 My slippery Soul had quitt the Fort,
 But that she stopp'd the Sally-port.

Next to these Sweets, her Lips dispense
 (As Twin-conserves of Eloquence)
 The Sweet Perfume her Breath affords
 Incorporating with her Words.
 No Rosary this Votress needs,
 Her very Syllables are Beads.
 No sooner 'twixt those Rubies born,
 But Jewels are in Ear-rings worn.
 With what delight her Speech doth enter,
 It is a Kiss oth' second Venter.

And I dissolve at what I hear,
 As if another *Rosamond* were
 Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my ear.

Yet that's but a preludious Bliss,
 Two Souls Pickeering in a Kiss.
 Embraces do but draw the Line,
 'Tis storming that must take her in.

When Bodies joyn, and Vict'ry hovers
 Twixt the equal fluttering Lovers,
 This is the Game; make stakes, my Dear!
 Hark, how the sprightly Chanticlere
 (That Baron Tell-clock of the Night)
 Sounds Boute-fel to *Cupid's* Knight,
 Then have at all, the Pass is got,
 For coming off, oh name it not!
 Who would not die upon the spot?

To Julia to expedite her Promise.

Since 'tis my Doom, Love's Undershrieve,
 Why this Reprieve?
 Why doth my SheA-dvowson fly
 Incumbency?

Panting Expectance makes us prove
 The Anticks of benighted Love,
 And wither'd Mates when wedlock joyns,
 They'r *Hymen's* Monkies, which he ties by th' Loins,
 To play alas! but at rebated Joins.

To sell thy self dost thou intend
 By Candle's end,
 And hold the Contract thus in doubt
 Life's Taper out?

Think

Think but how soon the Market fails,
Your Sex lives faster than the Males;
As if to measure Ages span,
The sober *Julian* were th' Account of Man,
Whilst you live by the fleet *Gregorian*.

Now since you bear a Date so short,
Live double for't,
How can thy Fortrefs ever stand,
If't be not Man'd?

The Siege ſo gains upon the Place,
Thou'lt find the Trenches in thy Face.
Pity thy ſelf then, if not me,
And hold not out, leſt like *Oſtend* thou
Nothing but Rubbiſh at Delivery.

The Candidates of *Peter's* Chair
Must plead gray hair,
And use the Simony of a Cough
To help them off;

But when I wooe thus old and spent,
I'll wed by Will and Testament.
No; let us Love while crisp'd and curl'd;
The greatest Honors on the aged hurl'd
Are but gay Furlows for another World.

Think

To

To morrow what thou tenderest me
 Is Legacy.
 Not one of all those ravenous hours
 But thee devours;
 And though thou still recruited be,
 Like *Pelops*, with soft Ivory;
 Though thou consume but to renew,
 Yet Love, as Lord, doth claim a Heriot due;
 That's the best quick thing I can find of you.
 I feel thou art consenting ripe
 By that soft gripe,
 And those regealing Crystal Spheres.
 I hold thy Tears
 Pledges of more diffilling Sweets,
 Than the Bath that ushers in the Sheets..
 Else pious *Julia*, Angel-wise,
 Moves the *Bethesda* of her trickling Eyes
 To cure the Spittle-World of Maladies.

The Hecatomb to his Mistress.

BE dumb you Beggars of the rhythming Trade,
 Geld your loose wits, & let your Muse be spade
 Charge not the Parish with your bastard Phrase
 Of Balm, Elixir, both the *India's*,

Of Shrine, Saint, Sacrifice, and such as these,
 Expressions common as your Mistresses.
 Hence you Phantastick Postillers in Song,
 My Text defeats your Art, ties Nature's tongue,
 Scorns all her Tinsoyl'd Metaphors of Pelf,
 Illustrated by nothing but her self.
 As Spiders travel by their bowels spun
 Into a Thread, and when the Race is run,
 Wind up their Journey in a living Clew ;
 So is it with my Poetry and you.
 From your own Essence must I first untwine,
 Then twist again each Panegyrick Line.
 Reach then a Soaring Quill that I may write,
 As with a *Jacob's* Staff to take her height.
 Suppose an Angel darting through the Air
 Should their encounter a religious Prayer
 Mounting to Heaven, that Intelligence
 Would for a Sunday-Suit thy Breath condense
 Into a Body. Let me crack a string,
 And venture higher. Were the Note I sing
 Above Heaven's *Elys* should I then decline,
 And with a deep-mouth'd *Gannet* sound the Line
 From Pole to Pole, I could not reach her worth,
 Nor find an Epithet to shadow't forth.
 Metals may blazon common Beauties ; she
 Makes Pearls and Planets humble Heraldry.

As then a purer Substance is defin'd
 But by an heap of Negatives combin'd,
 Ask what a Spirit is, you'll hear them cry,
 It hath no Matter, no Mortality :
 So can I not describe how sweet, how fair,
 Only I say, she's not as others are :
 For what Perfection we to others grant,
 It is her sole Perfection to want.
 All other Forms seem in respect of thee
 The Almanack's mishap'd Anatomy :
 Where *Aries* head and face, *Bull* neck and throat,
 The *Scorpion* gives the Secrets, *Knees* the Goat ;
 A Brief of Limbs foul as those beasts, or are
 Their name-like Signs in their strange Character.
 As your Philosophers to every Sense
 Marry its Object, yet with some dispense,
 And grant them a Polygamy with all,
 And these their common Sensibles they call :
 So is't with her, who, flinted unto none,
 Unites all Senses in each action.
 The same Beam heats and lights, to see her well
 Is both to hear and see, and taste and smell :
 For can you want a Palate in your Eyes,
 When each of hers contains the beauteous prize,
Venus's Apple ? Can your Eyes want Nose,
 Seeing each Cheek buds forth a fragrant Rose ?

Or can your Sight be deaf to such a quick
 And well-tun'd Face, such moving Rhetorick?
 Doth not each Look a Flash of Lightning feel,
 Which spares the Bodie's sheath, yet melts the steel?
 Thy Soul must needs confess, or grant thy Sense
 Corrupted with the Object's Excellence.
 Sweet Magick, which can make five Senses lie
 Conjur'd within the Circle of an Eye!
 In whom since all the five are intermixt,
 Oh now that *Scaliger* would prove his sixth!
 Thou Man of mouth that canst not name a she,
 Unless all Nature pay a Subsidy,
 Whose Language is a Tax, whose Musk-cat Verse
 Voids nought but Flowers for thy Muses Herse,
 Fitter than *Celia's* Looks, who in a trice
 Canst state the long disputed Paradise,
 And (what Divines hunt with so cold a scent)
 Canst in her bosom find it resident;
 Now come aloft, come now, and breath a Vein,
 And give some vent unto thy daring strain.
 Say the Astrologer who spells the Stars,
 In that fair Alphabet reads Peace and Wars,
 Mistakes his Globe, and in her brighter eye
 Interprets Heaven's Physiogmony.
 Call her the Metaphysicks of her Sex,
 And say she tortures Wits, as *Quartans* vex
 Physicians;

Physicians; call her the squar'd Circle; say
 She is the very Rule of *Algebra*:
 What e're thou understand'st not say't of her,
 For that's the way to write her Character.
 Say this and more, and when thou hop'st to raise
 Thy phancy so as to inclose her praise,
 Alas poor *Gotham*, with thy Cuckoe-hedge!
Hyperboles are here but Sacrilege.
 Then roll up Muse what thou hast ravel'd out,
 Some Comments clear not, but increase the doubt,
 She that affords poor Mortals not a glance
 Of Knowledge, but is known by Ignorance.
 She that commits a Rape on every Sense,
 Whose Breath can countermand a Pestilence,
 She that can strike the best Invention dead,
 Till baffled Poetry hangs down the head.
 She, she it is that doth contain all Bliss,
 And makes the World but her *Periphrasis*.

The Antiplatonic.

FOr shame thou everlasting Wooer,
 Still saying Grace, and ne'r fall to her!
 Love that's in Contemplation plac'd
 Is *Venus* drawn but to the waste.
 Unless your Flame confess its Gender,
 And your Parley cause Surrender,

Y'are *Salamanders* of a cold desire,
That live untouch'd amidst the hottest fire:

What though she be a Dame of stone,
The Widow of *Pigmalion* :
An hard and unrelenting she,
As the new-cruised *Niobe* ;
Or (what doth more of statue carry)
A Nun of the *Platonick Quarry* ?
Love melts the rigor which the Rocks have bred,
A Flint will break upon a Feather-bed.

For shame you pretty Female Elves,
Cease thus to candy up your selves ;
No more you Sectaries of the Game,
No more of your calcining Flame.
Women commence by *Cupid's Dart*,
As a King hunting Dubs a Hart.
Love's Votaries enthrall each other's Soul,
Till both of them live but upon Parol.

Virtue's no more in Womankind
But the Green sickness of the Mind.
Philosophy (their new Delight)
A kind of Charcoal Appetite.
There is no Sophistry prevails,
Where all-convincing Love assails;

But

Y'are

But the disputing Petticoat will warp,
As Skilful Gamesters are to seek at sharp.

The Souldier, that Man of Iron,
Whom Ribs of Horror all environ;
That's strung with Wire instead of Veins,
In whose Embraces you're in Chains;
Let a Magnetick Girl appear,
Straight he turns *Cupid's* Cuira-seer.
Love storms his Lips, and takes the Fortress in,
For all the bristled Turnpike of his Chin.

Since Love's Artillery then checks
The Breast-works of the firmest Sex:
Come let us in affections riot;
Th' are sickly pleasures keep a diet;
Give me a Lover bold and free,
Not Eunuch'd with Formality;
Like an Embassador that beds a Queen
With the nice caution of a Sword between.

*Upon Phillis walking in a Morning
before Sun-rising.*

THe sluggish Morn as yet undrest,
My *Phillis* brake from out her East,
As if she'd made a match to run
With *Venus*, usher to the Sun.

The Trees, like Yemen of the Guard
(Serving her more for Pomp than Ward)
Rank'd on each side, with Loyal Duty,
Weav'd Branches to inclose her Beauty.
The Plants, whose Luxury was lopp'd,
Or Age with Crutches underpropp'd,
(Whose wooden Carkases were grown
To be but Coffins of their own)

Revive, and at her general Dole
Each receives his Ancient Soul.

The winged Choristers began
To chirp their *Mattins*, and the Fan
Of whistling Winds like Organs play'd,
Until their Voluntaries made

The weakened Earth in Odors rise
To be her Morning Sacrifice.

The Flowers call'd out of their Beds,
Start and raise up their drowsie Heads;

And he that for their colour seeks
 May see it vaulting to her Cheeks :
 Where Roses mix ; no Civil War
 Divides her *York* and *Lancaster*.

The Marygold (whose Courtier's face
 Ecchoes the Sun, and doth unlace
 Her at his rise, at his full stop
 Packs and shuts up her gawdy Shop)
 Mistakes her Cue, and doth display :
 Thus *Phyllis* antedates the day.

These Miracles had cramp'd the Sun,
 Who fearing that his Kingdom's won,
 Powders with Light his frizled Locks
 To see what Saint his Lustre mocks.
 The trembling Leaves through which he play'd,
 Dappling the Walk with light and shade,
 Like Lattice-windows give the Spye
 Room but to peep with half an eye ;
 Left her full Orb his sight should dim,
 And bid us all good night in him ;
 Till she should spend a gentle ray
 To force us a new fashion'd day.

But what religious Palsie's this,
 Which makes the Bows devest their bliss,
 And that they might her footsteps straw,
 Drop their Leaves with shivering awe ?

Phillis perceiv'd, and (left her stay
Should wed *October* unto *May*,
And as her Beauty caus'd a Spring,
Devotion might an Autumn bring)
Withdrew her Beams, yet made no Night,
But left the Sun her Curate-light.

*To Mrs. K. T. who asked him why he
was dumb, written calente Calamo.*

S^Tay, should I answer, Lady, then
In vain would be your Question.
Should I be dumb, why then again
Your asking me would be in vain.
Silence, nor Speech, on either hand,
Can satisfie this strange demand.
Yet since your Will throws me upon
This wished Contradiction;
I'll tell you how I did become
So strangely, as you hear me, dumb.
Ask but the chap-fallen Puritan,
'Tis Zeal that Tongue-tyes that good man;
(For heat of Conscience all men hold
Is th' only way to catch that cold :)
How should Love's Zealot then forbear
To be your silenc'd Minister?

Nay your Religion, which doth grant
 A Worship due to you my Saint,
 Yet counts it that Devotion wrong,
 That does it in the Vulgar Tongue.
 My ruder words would give offence
 To such an hallow'd Excellence;
 As th' English Dialect would vary
 The Goodness of an *Ave Mary*.

How can I speak that twice am check'd
 By this, and that Religious Sect?
 Still dumb, and in your Face I spy
 Still Cause, and still Divinity.
 As soon as blest with your Salute,
 My Manners taught me to be mute,
 Lest I should cancel all the Bliss
 You sign'd with so divine a Kiss.
 The Lips you seal must needs consent
 Unto the Tongue's Imprisonment.
 My Tongue in hold, my Voyce doth rise
 With a strange *Ela* to my eyes.
 Where it gets Bail, and in that sense
 Begins a new sound Eloquence.

Oh listen with attentive sight
 To what my prating eyes indite!
 Or, Lady, since 'tis in your choice
 To give, or to suspend my Voyce,

With the same Key let open the Door
Wherewith you lock'd it fast before.

Kiss once again; and when you thus
Have doubly been Miraculous.

My Muse shall write with Handmaid Duty
The Golden Legend of your Beauty.

He whom his Dumbness now confines
Intends to speak the rest by Signs.

*A Fair Nymph scorning a Black Boy
courting her.*

Nymph. Stand off, and let me take the Air.
Why should the smoke pursue the fair?

Boy. My Face is smoke, thence may be gueſt
What Flames within have scorcht my

Nymph. Thy flaming Love I cannot view (breast
For the dark Lanthorn of thy Hue.

Boy. And yet this Lanthorn keeps Love's Taper
Surer than your's that's of white Paper.
What ever Midnight can be here,
The Moon-shine of your Face will clear.

Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipse is 'fraid;
If thou should'st interpose thy shade.

Boy. Yet one thing, Sweet-heart, I will ask,
Take me for a new fashion'd Mask.

Nymph. Done : but my Bargain shall be this,
I'll throw my Mask off when I kiss.

Boy. Our curl'd Embraces shall delight
To checker Limbs with black and white.

Nymph. Thy Ink, my Paper, make me guess
Our Nuptial-bed will prove a Press,
And in our Sports, if any come,
They'll read a wanton Epigram.

Boy. Why should my Black thy Love impair ?
Let the dark Shop commend the Ware ;
Or if thy Love from black forbears,
I'll strive to wash it off with Tears.

Nymph. Spare fruitless Tears, since thou must needs
Still wear about thy mourning Weeds.
Tears can no more affection win,
Than wash thy *Æthiopian* Skin.

*A Young Man to an Old Woman court-
ing him.*

PEACE Beldam Eve, surcease thy Suit,
There's no Temptation in such Fruit.
No rotten Medlars, whilst there be
Whole Orchards in Virginity.
Thy Stock is too much out of date
For tender Plants t' inoculate.

A Match with thee the Bridegroom fears
 Would be thought Incest in his years,
 Which when compar'd to thine become
 Odd Money to thy Grandam Sum,
 Can Wedlock know so great a Curse,
 As putting Husbands out to Nurse?
 How Pond and Rivers would mistake,
 And cry new Almanacks for our sake?
 Time sure hath wheel'd about his Year,
December meeting Janiver,
 Th' *Egyptian* Serpent figures Time,
 And strip'd, returns into his prime.
 If my Affection thou wouldst win,
 First cast thy Hieroglyphick Skin.
 My Modern Lips know not, alack,
 The old Religion of thy *Smack*.
 I count that Primitive Embrace,
 As out of Fashion, as thy Face;
 And yet so long 'tis since thy fall,
 Thy Fornication's Classical.
 Our Sports will differ, thou must play
Lero, and I *Alphonse* way.
 I'm no Translator, have no vein
 To turn a Woman young again;
 Unless you'll grant the Taylor's due,
 To see the Fore-bodies be new.

I love to wear Clothes that are flush,
 Not prefacing old Rags with Plush,
 Like Aldermen, or Under-shrives
 With Canvas Backs, and Velvet-Sleeves:
 And just such Discord there would be
 Betwixt thy Skeleton and me.
 Go study Salve and Triacle, ply
 Your Tenant's Leg, or his fore eye.
 Thus Matrons purchase Credit, thank,
 Six penny worth of Mountebank;
 Or chew thy Cud on some Delight,
 That thou didst taste in Eighty eight;
 Or be but Bed-rid once, and then
 Thoul't dream thy youthful sins agen:
 But if thou needs wilt be my Sponse,
 First hearken and attend my Vows.
 When *Ætna's* fires shall undergo
 The Penance of the *Alps* in Snow;
 When *Sol* at one blast of his Horn
 Posts from the Crab to *Capricorn*;
 When the Heavens shuffle all in one,
 The Torrid with the Frozen Zone;
 When all these Contradictions meet,
 Then, *Sybil*, thou and I will greet:
 For all these Similies do hold
 In my young Heat, and thy dull Cold.

Then

Then, if a Fever be so good
 A Pimp as to inflame thy Blood,
 Hymen shall twist thee and thy Page,
 The distinct Tropicks of Man's Age.
 Well, Madam Time, be ever bald,
 I'll not thy Perriwig be call'd :
 I'll never be 'stead of a Lover,
 An aged Chronicle's new Cover.

Upon an Hermaphrodite.

Sir, or Madam, choose you whether,
 Nature twists you both together,
 And makes thy Soul two Garbs confess,
 Both Petticoat and Breeches dress y
 Thus we chastise the God of Wine
 With Water that is Feminine,
 Until the cooler Nymph abate
 His wrath, and so incorporate
 Adam, till his Rib was lost,
 Had the Sexes thus ingroft.
 When Providence our Sire did cleave,
 And out of Adam carved Eve,
 Then did Man 'bout Wedlock treat
 To make his Body up compleat.
 Thus Matrimony speaks but thee
 In a Grave Solemnity :

For

For Man and Wife make but one right
 Canonical Hermaphrodite.
 Ravel thy Body, and I find
 In every Limb a double kind.
 Who would not think that Head a pair,
 That breeds such Faction in the Hair?
 One half so churlish in the Touch,
 That rather than endure so much,
 I would my tender Limbs apparel
 With *Regulus* his nailed Barrel:
 But the other half so small,
 And so amorous withal,
 That *Cupid* thinks each Hair doth grow
 A String for his invisible Bow,
 When I look Babies in thine Eyes,
 Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies;
 And though thy Beauty be high Noon,
 Thy Orb contains both Sun and Moon.
 How many melting Kisses skip,
 'Twixt thy Male and Female Lip?
 'Twixt thy upper Brush of Hair,
 And thy neather Beard's despair?
 When thou speak'st (I would not wrong
 Thy Sweetness with a double Tongue,
 But) in every single Sound
 A perfect Dialogue is found.

Thy Breasts distinguish one another,
 This the Sister, that the Brother.
 When thou joyn'st Hands my Ear still phancies
 The Nuptial Sound, I *John* take *Frances*.
 Feel but the difference soft and rough,
 This a Gantlet, that a Muff.
 Had sly *Ulysses* at the Sack
 Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedler's Pack,
 And Weapons too to know *Achilles*
 From King *Lycomedes*, *Phyllis*
 His Plot had fail'd; this Hand would feel
 The Needle, that the Warlike Steel.
 When Musick doth thy pace advance,
 Thy right Leg takes the left to dance:
 Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one,
 But a mixt Dance, though alone.
 Thus every Hot'roclite apart
 Changes Gender, but thy Heart
 Nay those which Modesty can mean,
 But dare not speak, are Epicene.
 That Gamester needs must overcome,
 That can play both with *Tib* and *Tom*.
 Thus did Nature's Mintage vary,
 Coyning thee a *Philip* and *Mary*.

The

*The Anthour to his Hermaphrodite
made after Mr. Randolph's Death,
yet inserted into his Poems.*

Problem of Sexes! Must thou likewise be
As disputable in thy Pedigree?
Thou Twins in one, in whom Dame Nature tries
To throw less than Aums Ace upon two Dice.
Wer't thou serv'd up two in one Dish, the rather
To split thy Sire into a double Father?
True; the World's Scales are even, what the Main
In one place gets, another quits again.
Nature lost one by thee, and therefore must
Slice one in two to keep her number just.
Plurality of Livings is thy State,
And therefore mine must be Improprate;
For since the Child is mine, and yet the Claim
Is intercepted by another's Name,
Never did Steeple carry double truer,
His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.
Then say, my Muse, (and without more Dispute)
Who 'tis that Fame doth superinstitute:
The *Theban* Wittal, when he once descries
Jove is his Rival, falls to Sacrifice.

That Name hath tipp'd his Horns ; see on his Knees
 A health to *Hans-in-kelder Hercules* :
 Nay Sublunary Cuckolds are content
 To entertain their Fate with Complement ;
 And shall not he be proud whom *Randolph* daigns
 To quarter with his Muse both Arms and Brains ?
 Gramercie Gossip ; I rejoyce to see
 Th' hast got a Leap of such a Barbary.
 Talk not of Horns, Horns are the Poet's Crest ;
 For since the Muses left their former Nest
 To found a Nunnery in *Randolph's* Quill,
 Cuckold *Parnassus* is a Forked Hill.
 But stay, I've wak'd his Dust, his Marble stirs,
 And brings the Worms for his Compurgators.
 Can Gholt have natural Sons ? Say *Og*, is't meet
 Penance bear Date after the Winding-sheet ?
 Were it a *Phenyx* (as the double kind
 May seem to prove, being there's two combin'd)
 I would disclaim my Right, and that it were
 The Lawful Issue of his Ashes swear.
 But was he dead ? Did not his Soul translate
 Her self into a Shop of lesser rate ;
 Or break up House, like an expensive Lord,
 That gives his Purse a Sob, and lives at Board ?
 Let old *Pythagoras* but play the Pimp,
 And still there's hopes 't may prove his Bastard Imp.

But

But I'm prophane ; for grant the World had one
 With whom he might contract an Union ;
 They two were one, yet like an Eagle spread,
 It's Body joyn'd, but parted in the Head.

For you, my Brat, that pose the Porph'ry Chair,
 Pope *John*, or *Joan*, or whatsoe're you are,
 You are a Nephew, grieve not at your state ;
 For all the World is Illegitimate.

Man cannot get a Man, unless the Sun
 Club to the Act of Generation.

The Sun and Man get Man, thus *Tom* and I
 Are the joynt Fathers of my Poetry ;

For since, blest Shade, thy Verse is Male, but mine
 Oth' weaker Sex, a Phancy Feminine ;

We'l part the Child, and yet commit no slaughter,
 So shall it be thy Son, and yet my Daughter.

S E C T. II.

Containing P O E M S which re-
late to STATE-AFFAIRS.

*Upon The King's Return from
Scotland.*

R Eturn'd; I'll ne'r believ't; first prove him hence,
Kings travel by their Beams and Influence.
Who says the Soul gives out her Gifts, or goes
A flitting Progress 'twixt the Head and Toes?
She rules by Omnipresence; and shall we
Deny a Prince the same Ubiquity?
Or grant he went, and 'cause the knot was slack
Girt both the Nations with his Zodiack;
Yet as the Tree at once both upward shoots,
And just as much grows downward to the Roots;
So at the same time that he posted thither
By Counter-Stages he rebounded hither.
Hither, and hence at once; thus every Sphere
Doth by a double motion interfere,

And

And when his Native form inclines him East.
 By the first Mover he is ravish'd West :
 Have you not seen how the divided Dam
 Runs to the summons of her hungry Lamb ;
 But when the Twin cries halves, she quits the first,
 Nature's *Commendum* must be likewise nurs'd ?
 So were his Journeys like the Spider spun
 Out of his Bowels of Compassion.
 Two Realms, like *Cacus*, so his steps transpose,
 His feet still contradict him as he goes.
 England's return'd, that was a banish'd Soil,
 The Bullet flying makes the Gun recoil.
 Death's but a Separation, though indors'd
 With Spade and Javelin, we were thus divorc'd.
 Our Soul hath taken wing, while we express
 The Corps returning to their Principles.
 But the Crab-Tropick must not now prevail,
 Islands go back, but when you're under sail :
 So his Retreat hath rectified that wrong ;
 Backward is forward in the Hebrew Tongue.
 Now the Church Militant in plenty rests,
 Nor fears, like th' Amazon, to lose her Breasts.
 Her means are safe, not squeez'd, until the blood
 Mix with the Milk, and choak the tender Brood.
 She that hath been the floating Ark, is that
 She, that's now seated on Mount *Ararat*.

Quits *Charles*; our Souls did guard him Northward
Now he the Counterpart comes South to us. (thus,

*A Dialogue between two Zealots up-
on the &c. in the Oath.*

SIR Roger from a zealous piece of Freeze,
Rais'd to a Vicaridge of the Children's Threes,
Whose yearly *Audit* may by strict Account
To twenty Nobles, and his Vailes amount;
Fed on the Common of the female Charity,
Until the *Scots* can bring about their Parity;
So shotten, that his Soul, like to himself,
Walks but in *Cuerpo*. This same Clergy-Elf
Encountring with a Brother of the Cloth,
Fell presently to Cudgels with the Oath.
The Quarrel was a strange mishapen Monster
Et cætera, (God bless us) which may conster
The Brand upon the Buttock of the Beast,
The Dragon's Tail tied on a Knot; a Nest
Of young *Apocryphus*, the fashion
Of a new mental Reservation.

Whilst Roger thus divides the Text, the other
Winks and expounds, saying, my pious Brother,
Hearken with reverence; for the point is nice,
I never read on't, but I fasted twice:

And so by Revelation know it better,
 Than all the learn'd Idolaters oth' Letter,
 With that he swell'd, and fell upon the Theme,
 Like Great *Goliath*, with his Weaver's Beam.
 I say to thee, *Et cætera*, thou ly'st,
 Thou art the curled Lock of Antichrist;
 Rubbish of *Babel*; for who will not say
 Tongues are counfounded in *Et cætera*?
 Who swears *Et cætera*, swears more Oaths at once,
 Than *Cerberus* out of his triple Scõce.
 Who views it well, with the same eye beholds
 The old false Serpent in his numerous folds.
 Accurst *Et cætera*! Now, now I scent
 What the prodigious bloody Oysters meant.
 O *Booker*! *Booker*! How camest thou to lack
 This Fiend in thy Prophetick Almanack?
 It's the dark Vault wherein th' Infernal Plot
 Of Powder 'gainst the State was first begot.
 Peruse the Oath, and you shall soon descry it
 By all the Father *Garneys* that stand by it;
 'Gainst whom the Church (whereof I am a Member)
 Shall keep another Fifth day of *November*.
 Yet here's not all, I cannot half untruss
Et cætera, it's so abominous.
 The *Trojan Nag* was not so fully lin'd.
 Unrip *Et cætera*, and you shall find

Og the great Commissary, and (which his worse)
Th' Apparitor upon his skew bald Horse.

Then finally, my Babes of Grace, forbear,
Et cetera will be too far to swear:

For 'tis (to speak in a familiar Stile)
A *Yorkshire* Wea-bit longer than a Mile.

Here *Roger* was inspir'd, and by God's diggers
He'l swear in words at length, but not in Figures:
No by this Drink which he takes off, as loath
To leave *Et cetera* in his liquid Oath;
His Brother pledg'd him, and that bloody Wine
He swears shall seal the Synod's *Catiline*.
So they drank on, not offering to part,
'Till they had sworn out the eleventh Quart:
While all that saw, and heard them joyntly pray,
They and their Tribe were all *Et cetera*.

Smectymnuus, or the Club-Divines.

S *Smectymnuus*! The Goblin makes me start;
Ith' name of *Rabbi Abraham*, what art?
Syriack? or *Arabick*? or *Welsh*? what skilt?
Ape all the Bricklayers that *Babel* built.
Some Conjuror translate, and let me know it;
Till then 'tis fit for a *West Saxon* Poet,

But do the Brotherhood then play their Prizes,
 Like Mummers in Religion, with Disguises?
 Out-brave us with a Name in Rank and File?
 A name, which if 'twere train'd would spread a mile.
 The Saints Monopoly, the Zealous Cluster,
 Which like a Porcupine presents a Muster,
 And shoots his Quills at Bishops and their Sees,
 A devout Litter of young *Machabees*.
 Thus *Jack* of all Trades hath distinctly shown
 The twelve Apostles in a Cherry-stone.
 Thus Faction's *A-la-mode* in Treason's fashion,
 Now we have Heresie by Complication.
 Like to *Don Quixot's* Rosary of Slaves
 Strung on a Chain, a Murnival of Knaves
 Pack'd in a Trick; like Giplies when they ride,
 Or like the College which sit all of a side:
 So the vain Satyrists stand all a row,
 As hollow Teeth upon a Lute-string show.
 Th' *Italian* Monster pregnant with his Brother,
 Nature's *Dieresis*, half one another;
 He with his little Sidesman *Lazarus*
 Must both give way unto *Smectymnus*.
 Next *Sturbridge* Fair is *Smec's*; for lo his side
 Into a fivefold *Lazar* multiplied.
 Under each Arm there's tuck'd a double Gizzard,
 Five Faces lurk under one single Vizard.

The Whore of *Babylon* left these Brats behind,
Heirs of Confusion by Gavelkind.

I think *Pythagoras's* Soul is rambl'd hither
With all her change of Rayment on together.

Smec is her general Wardrobe; she'll not dare

To think of him as of a thorough-fare.

He stops the Gossiping Dame; alone he is

The Purlew of a *Metempsychosis*:

Like a Scotch Mark, where the more modest sence

Checks the loud Phrase & shrinks to thirteen pence;

Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whose flame,

Though sometimes tripartite, joyns in the same.

Like to nine Taylors, who (if rightly spell'd)

Into one Man are Monosyllabl'd.

Shorthanded Zeal in one hath cramped many,

Like to the Decalogue in a single penny.

See, see how close the Curs hunt under a sheet,

As if they spent in Quire, and scan'd their feet.

One Cure, and five Incumbents leap a Truss,

The Title sure must be Litigious.

The *Sadduces* would raise a Question,

Who shall be *Smec* at th' Resurrection.

Who coop'd them up together were to blame,

Had they but wire drawn and spun out the name,

'T would make another Prentices Petition

Against the Bishops and their Superstition,

Robson and *French* (that count from five to five,
 As far as Nature fingers did contrive,
 She saw they would be Sessers, that's the cause
 She cleft their Hoof into so many Claws)
 May tire their Carret-Bunch; yet ne'r agree
 To rate *Smeſtymnus* for Polemoney.

Caligula (whose Pride was Mankind's Bail,
 As who disdain'd to murder by Retail,
 Wishing the World had but one general Neck)
 His glutton Blade might have found Game in *Smeſtymnus*.
 No Eccho can improve the Author more,
 Whose Lungs pay use and use to half a score.
 No Felon is more letter'd, though the Brand
 Both subscribes his Shoulder and his Hand.
 Some Welshman was his Godfather; for he
 Wears in his Name his Genealogy.

The Banns are ask'd, would but the times give way;
 Betwixt *Smeſtymnus* and *Et cætera*:

The Guests, invited by a friendly Summons,
 Should be the Convocation and the Commons;
 The Priest to tie the Foxes tails together
Mosely, or *Sanctæ Clara*, choose you whether,
 See what an Off spring every one expects;
 What strange Plurality of Men and Sects?
 One says he'll get a Vestry, but another
 Is for a Synod; Bets upon the Mother,

Faith cry *St. George* ! Let them go to't and stickle
Whether a Conclave, or a Conventicle.

Thus might Religions Catterwaul and spight
Which uses to Devorce, might once unite :

But their cross Fortunes interdict their Trade,
The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride is Spade.

My Task is done, all my he Goats are milk'd ;

So many Cards ith' Stock, and yet be bilk'd ?

I could by Letters now untwist the Rabble,

Whip *Smeec* from Constable to Constable.

But there I leave you to another's dressing ;

Only kneel down and take your Father's Blessing ;

May the Queen Mother justifie your fears,

And stretch her Patent to your Leather ears.

*The Hue and Cry after Sir John
Presbyter.*

With Hair in Character, and Lugs in Text,
With a splay mouth, & a nose circumflex,
With a set Ruff of Musket-bore, that wears
Like Cartrages, or Linnen Bandileers
Exhausted of their Sulphurous Contents
In Pulpit Fire-works, which the Bombal vents ;
The Negative and Covenanting Oath,
Like two Mustachoes issuing from his Mouth.

The Bush upon his Chin like a carv'd Story
 In a Box-knot, cut by the Directory ;
 Madam's Confession hanging at his ear (Where ;
 Wire-drawn through all the Questions, How and
 Each Circumstance so in the hearing felt, (gelt.
 That when his ears are cropp'd he'l count them
 The Weeping Cassock scar'd into a Jump,
 A sign the Presbyter's worn to the stump ;
 The Presbyter, though charm'd against Mischance
 With the Divine Right of an Ordinance ;

If you meet any that do thus attire 'em,
 Stop them they are the Tribe of *Adoniram*.
 What zealous Phrenzy did the Senate seize,
 That tare the Rotchet to such rags as these ?
 Episcopacy minc'd ; Reforming *Tweed*
 Hath sent us Runts even of her Churches breed .
 Lay interlining Clergy, a Device
 That's Nickname to the Stuff call'd Lops and Lice.
 The Beast at wrong end branded, you may trace
 The Devil's footsteps in his cloven face.
 A face of several Parishes and sorts,
 Like to Serjeant shav'd at Inns of Court.
 What mean the Elders else, those Kirk Dragoons,
 Made up of Ears and Ruffs like Ducatoons.
 That Hierarchy of Handicrafts begun ;
 Those New Exchange-men of Religion.

Sure they'r the Antick heads which plac'd without
 The Church, do gape and disemboque a Spout :
 Like them above the Commons House t' have been
 So long without, now both are gotten in.

Then what imperious in the Bishop sounds
 The same the Scotch Executør rebounds :
 This stating Prelacy the Classick Rout
 That speak it often, e'r it spake it out.

So by an Abbey's Skeleton of late
 I heard an Eccho supererogate
 Through Imperfection, and the Voyce restore,
 As if she had the Hiccop o'r and o'r.

Since they our mixt Diocesans combine
 Thus to ride double in their Discipline,
 That Paul's shall to the Consistory call
 A Dean and Chapter out of Weaver's Hall,
 Each at the Ordinance for to assist
 With the five Thumbs of his groat changing Fift
 Down *Dagen*-Synod with thy Motley Ware,
 Whilst we are Champions for the Cowmon Prayer,
 (That Dove-like Embassy that wings our Sense
 To Heavens Gate in shape of Innocence)
 Pray for the Mitred Authors, and desie
 Those Demicallors of Divinity.

For when Sir *John* with *Jack* of all Trades joyns,
 His Finger's thicker than the Prelates Loyns

The

The Mixt Assembly.

Flea-bitten Synod, an Assembly brew'd
 Of Clerks and Elders *ana*, like the rude
Chaos of Presbyt'ry, where Lay-men guide
 With the tame Woolpack Clergy by their side.
 Who ask'd the Banns 'twixt these discolor'd Mates?
 A strange *Grotesco* this; the Church and States,
 Most divine Tick Tack in a Pyc-bald Crew
 To serve as Table-men of divers hue.
 She that conceiv'd an *Æthiopian* Heir
 By Picture, when the Parents both were fair,
 At sight of you had born a dappled Son,
 You chequering her Imagination.
 Had *Jacob's* Flock but seen you fit, the Damms
 Had brought forth speckled and ring-streaked
 Like an Impropriator's Motley Kind, (Lambs:
 Whose Scarlet Coat is with a Cassock lin'd:
 Like the Lay-Thief in a Canonick Weed,
 Sure of his Clergy e'r he did the Deed.
 Like *Royston* Crows, who are (as I may say)
 Fryars of both the Orders, Black and Gray.
 So mixt they are one knows not whether's thicker
 A Layre of Burgefs, or a Layre of Vicar.

Have they usurp'd what Royal *Judab* had;
 And now must *Levi* too part stakes with *God*?
 The Scepter and the Crozier are the Crutches,
 Which if not trusted in their pious Clutches
 Will fail the Cripple-State. And wer't not pity
 That both should serve the Yardwand of the City?
 That *Isaac* might go stroke his Beard, and sit
 Judge of *Æs* *αδ* and *Elegerit*.
 O that they were in Chalk and Charcoal drawn!
 The Miscellany-Satyr and the Fawn,
 And all th' Adulteries of twisted Nature
 But faintly represent this ridling Feature,
 Whose Members, being not Tallies, they'l not own
 Their Fellows at the Resurrection.
 Strange Scarlet Doctors these; they'l pass in Story
 For sinners half refin'd in Purgatory;
 Or parboyl'd Lobsters, where there joyntly rules
 The fading Sables, and the coming Gules.
 The Flea that *Falstaff* damn'd thus lewdly shows
 Tormented in the Flames of *Bardolph*'s Nose;
 Like him that wore the Dialogue of Clokes,
 This Shoulder *John-a-Stiles*, that *John-a-Noker*.
 Like Jews and Christians in a Ship together
 With an old Neck-Verse to distinguish either.
 Like their intended Discipline to boot,
 Or whatsoe'r hath neither Head nor Foot:

Such

Such may these strip'd Stuff-hangings seem to be,
Sacrilege match'd with Codpiece Simony.

Be sick and dream a little, you may then
Phanſie theſe Linſey-Woolſey Veſtry-men.

Forbear good *Pembroke*, be not over-daring,
Such Company may chance to ſpoyl thy Swearing;
And thy Drum-Major Oaths (of bulk unruly)
May dwindle to a feeble, By my truly,
He that the Noble *Piercie's* Blood inherits,
Will he ſtrike up a Hot-Spur of the Spirits?
He'll fright the *Obadiſh's* out of tune
With his uncircumciſed *A'gernoon*;
A Name ſo ſtubborn, 'tis not to be ſcan'd
By him in *Gath* with the fix finger'd Hand;
See they obey the Magick of my Words,
Preſto; they'r gone: and now the Houſe of Lords
Looks like the wither'd Face of an old Hag,
But with three Teeth like to a triple Gag.

A Jig, a Jig, and in this Antick Dance,
Fielding and *Doxie-Marſhal* firſt advance.
Twiffe blows the Scotch-Pipes, and the loving *Brace*
Puts on the Traces and treads *Cinque-a-pace*.
Then *Say* and *Seal* muſt his old ham-ſtrings ſupple,
And he and rump'd *Palmer* make a Couple.
Palmer's a fruitful Girl, if he'l unfold her,
The Midwife may find work about her Shoulder.

Kimbolton, that *Rebellious Boanerges*
 Must be content to saddle Doctor *Burges*.
 If *Burges* get a Clap, 'tis ne'r the worse,
 But the fifth time of his Compurgators.
Nol Bowls is coy, good sadness cannot dance,
 But in obedience to the Ordinance.
 Here *Wharton* wheels about, till Mumping *Lidie*
 Like the full Moon hath made his Lordship giddy.
Pym and the Members must their Giblets levy
 T' encounter Madam *Smec*, that single *Bery*:
 If they two truck together, 'twill not be
 A Child-birth, but a Gaol-delivery.
 Thus every Gibelline hath got his Guelf;
 But *Selden* he's a Galliard by himself;
 And well may be; there's more Divines in him,
 Than in all this their *Jewish Sanhedrim*;
 Whose Canons in the Forge shall then bear date,
 When Mules their Cofin Germans generate.
 Thus *Moses* Law is violated now,
 The Ox and As go yolk'd in the same Plough.
 Relinquish thy Coach-box *Twisse*, *Brook's* Preacher, he
 Would sort the Beasts with more Conformity.
 Water and Earth make but one Globe, a Roundhead
 Is Clergy-Lay, Party-per-pale compounded.

Rebellis

Rebellis Scotor.

Cura Deo sumus, ista si cedunt Scoto?
 Variata splenis Domina Psyche est suis,
 Aut Stellionatus rea. "Υπερὸν πρὸς τὸν
 Campanula omnes; totus Ucalegon fio;
 Goriacea cui millies mille hydris
 Suburlicanis pensiles Paræcis
 Non sunt refrigerio. Poeticus furor
 Cometa non minus, vel ore flammeo
 Commune despuente fatum Stellulâ,
 Dirum ominatur. Ecquis è Stoâ suam
 Jam temperet bilem, patria quando lue
 Tam Pymmanâ, id est pediculofâ, peris,
 Bombinacidisque sit bolus myrmecis?
 Scotor nec ausim nominare, carminum
 Nisi inter amuleta, nec meditarier
 Nisi cerebello, quod capillitis rubens
 (Quale autumo coluberrimum Furiis caput)
 Quot inde verba, tot venena prompsit.
 Rhadamantheum fac, guttur esset nunc mihi,
 Sulphurque, patibulumque copiosius
 Ruçians, Magus quam senias Bombycinas
 Poteram, ut Agyrta Circulator, pilulas
 Vomicas loqui, aut ἀποκόλλων Σῆδιν Stygâ;

The Rebel Scot.

How! Providence! and yet a Scottish Crew!
 Then Madam Nature wears black Patches
 What shall our Nation be in bondage thus (too,
 Unto a Land that truckles under us?
 Ring the Bells backward; I am all on fire,
 Not all the Buckets in a Country-Quire
 Shall quench my rage. A Poet should be fear'd
 When angry, like a Comet's flaming Beard.
 And where's the Stoick can his wrath appease
 To see his Country sick of *Pym's* disease;
 By Scotch Invasion to be made a prey
 To such Pig-Widgin Myrmidons as they?
 But that there's Charm in Verse, I would not quote
 The Name of *Scot* without an Antidote;
 Unless my head were red, that I might brew
 Invention there that might be payson too.
 Were I a drowzy Judge, whose dismal Note
 Disgorgeth Halters, as a Jugler's throat
 Doth Ribbands? Could I in Sir Empericks tone
 Speak Pills in phrase and quack destruction,

Or

Aut ut Genevæ stentores Perilleis

Tartara & equuleos boare Pulpitis,

At machinanti par foreni nunquam Scoto

Cunctis Selopetis hisce gusturalibus.

Ut digna Dii duint, vorem par est prius,

Prestigator ut ficas & acinaces.

Huc, huc, Iambe, gressibus faxo tuis,

At huc, Iambe morsibus faxo magis,

Satyræque tortrices tot huc adducite

Flagella, quot præsens meretur seculum.

Scoti Veneficis pares; audax stylum

Horum crure tinge, sic nocent minus;

Ut Martyres olim inducebant belluis

(Quasi sisterent Rogis sacros hypocritas)

En hos eodem Schemate, aut retro, Scotos,

Extra Scotos, intus Feras, & sine tropo.

Fallax Jerna vipera nihil foves

Scoto Colono? Non ego Britanniam

Lupis carentem dixerim, viva Scoto.

Quin Thamestius Pyrgopolinicas Scotus

Poterat Leones, Tigrides, Ursos, Canes

Proprii Inquilinos pectoris spectaculo

Monstrasse, pro obolis omnibus quibus solent

Speculare Monstra Cratis; & Fori simul

Or roar like *Marshall* that *Geneva* Bull,
 Hell and Damnation a Pulpit full.
 Yet to express a *Scot*, to play that prize,
 Not all those Mouth-Granados can suffice.
 Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,
 I must like *Hocus*, swallow Daggers first.

Come keen Iambicks with your Badgers feet,
 And Badger-like bite till your Teeth do meet :
 Help ye tart Satyrists to imp my rage
 With all the Scorpions that should whip this Age.
Scots are like Witches ; do but whet your Pen,
 Scratch till the blood come, they'l not hurt you then.
 Now as the Martyrs were enforc'd to take
 The shapes of Beasts, like Hypocrites at stake
 I'll bait my *Scot* so, yet not cheat your eyes ;
 A *Scot*, within a Beast, is no Disguise.

No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmless Nation
 Fosters no Venom since that *Scot*'s Plantation :
 Nor can our feign'd Antiquity obtain ;
 Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again.
 The *Scot* that kept the Tower might have shown
 Within the Grate of his own Breast alone,
 The Leopard and the Panther, and ingross'd
 What all those wild Collegiats had cost.

E

Thi

Pene ocreatum vulgus. Et patria Feras
 Scotos, cremum indicat terræ plaga.
 Vel omnipræsentem negans Deum, nisi
 Venisset inde Carolus, cohors nisi
 Crafordiana, miles & Montroffeus,
 Feritatis eluens notam paganica,
 Hanc præstiiisset semivictimam Deo.
 Nec Scoticus est totus Leopardus, Leo,
 Habens & Arcam, sicut Arcam fœderis,
 Velut Tabella bifidis pictæ plicis
 Fert Angelos pars hæc, & hæc Cacodæmonas.
 Cui somniantæ Tartarum suasis pavor
 Sic pænitere, videtur regnum velim
 Nigrius Scotorum semel, & esset innocens.
 Regio malignâ quæ facit votum prece,
 Relegetur ad Gyaros breves nunquam Incola !
 Punisset ubi Cainum Nec exiliò Deus,
 Sed, ut ille trechedipnum, magis domicænio.
 Ut Gens vagans recitata, vel Contagium,
 Aut Beelzebub, si des Ubiquitarium.
 Hinc erro fit semper Scotus, certos locos,
 Et hos, & illos quolibet citò nauseans.
 Ut frustra divisi Orbis & Topographica
 Mendicitatis offulas, curtas nimis.
 Ipse Universitatis bares integra,
 Et totus in toto, Natio Epidemica.

The honest high-shoes in their termly Fees,
 First to the Salvage Lawyer, next to these.
 Nature her self doth Scotchmen Beasts confess,
 Making their Country such a WilderNESS;
 A Land that brings in question and suspense
 God's Omnipresence, but that *Charles* came thence;
 But that *Monrofs* and *Crawford's* Loyal Band
 Atton'd their Sin, and Christen'd half their Land.
 Nor is it all the Nation hath these Spots,
 There is a Church as well as Kirk of *Scots*.
 As in a Picture where the squinting paint
 Shews Fiend on this side, and on that side Saint.
 He that saw Hell in's melancholy Dream,
 And in the Twy-light of his Phancie's Theme
 Scar'd from his Sins, repented in a fright,
 Had he view'd *Scotland* had turn'd Profelite.
 A Land where one may pray with curst intent,
 O may they never suffer Banishment! (Doom,
 Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his
 Not forc'd him wander but confin'd him home,
 Like *Jews* they spread, and as Infection fly,
 As if the Devil had Ubiquity.
 Hence 'tis they live at Rovers and desie
 This, or that place, Rags of Geography.
 They'r Citizens oth' World, they'r all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemical;

*Nec gliscet ergo jargonare Gallicè,
 Exoticis aut Indicis modis, neque
 Iberio nutu negare, nec studet
 Callere quem de Belgicis Hoghen Moghen
 Venter tumens, aut barba Cantbari refert
 (Quæ coriatis una mens Nostratibus)
 Pugna est in animo, atque in patinâ Scoto;
 Huic Struibioni suggeret cybum Chalybs
 Et denti-duciôr appetitus baltheo,
 Pro more pendulos mclares inserit.*

*At interim nostras quid involant dapes?
 Serpens Edenum, non Edenburgum appetit,
 Aut Angliæ, cui jam malum est Hæmorrhôis,
 Hematopotas hos posteris meatibus
 Natura medica supposit birudines,
 Cruore satiendus licet nostro prius,
 Nostro, sed & cruore moribundas quoque.*

*Nec computo credant priori, nos item
 Novum addituros, servitutem pristina
 Aliam, gemellam nuperæ, fraterculos
 Palpare, quando ceperant (charos nimis)
 Suffragiorum scilicet Poppysmata,
 Et crustulam imperare, velut offam Cerbero
 Subblandiens decreverat Senatulus.*

*Nes æra loculis? arma visceribus prius
 Indamus, usque & usque, vel capulo tenuis.*

And yet they ramble not to learn the Mode,
 How to be dress'd, or how to lisp abroad;
 To return knowing in the Spanish Shrug,
 Or which of the *Dutch* States a double Jug
 Resembles most in belly, or in beard,
 (The Card by which the Mariners are steer'd)
 No, the *Scots* Errant fight, and fight to eat, (Meat.
 Their Ostrich Stomachs make their Swords their
 Nature with *Scots* as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
 Who use to string their Teeth upon their Belt.

Yet wonder not at this their happy choice,
 The Serpent's fatal still to Paradise.
 Sure *England* hath the Hemorrhoids, and these
 On the North-postern of the Patient seize,
 Like Leeches; thus they Physically thirst
 After our blood, but in the Cure shall burst.

Let them not think to make us run oth' score
 To purchase Villenage, as once before
 When an Act past to stroak them on the Head;
 Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.

Not Gold, nor Acts of Grace, 'tis Steel must tame
 The stubborn *Scot*, a Prince that would reclaim

Seri videmus quo Scotum trahes modo.

Princeps Rebelli minor tergo, quasi

Sellus equino detrahens, aptat suo.

At jus rapinas hoc defendit vetus

Egyptus ista perdit, aufert Israel

An Bibliorum nescis hos Satellites

Prætorianis quibus Cohortibus (nova

Hierusalem triarii) Spes nititur

Sorocularum? Cardio, Cardio vertitur

Cupediæque, primitivæ Legis?

O bone Deus! quanti est carere linteis!

Orexis ut Borealis & fames movet!

Vicibusque, Vestibusque cassi, hinc Knoxio

Sutore simul & Knoxio utuntur Coquo,

Pic quod algaunt, quod esuriant pic.

Larvas quin usque detrahatur, & nummulus

Titulisque, ut animabus, subest fallacia.

Libra & Barones (detumescant interim

Vocabulorum tympana) quanti valent!

Hic Cantianum pene, pene villicum,

Solidosque totos illa, sed gratis, duos.

Apagæ superbae fraudulentia simul

Prosapia pictos, fide & pictos, procul:

Opprobrium Poetico vel stigmati,

Ei in Cruci Crux; non aliter Hyperbolus

Hyperælestus Ostracismo fit pudor.

Rebels by yielding, doth like him, or worse,
Who saddled his own back to shame his Horse.

Was it for this you left your leaner Soil,
Thus to lard *Israel* with *Egypt's* Spoil.
They are the Gospel's Life-guard; but for them
(The Garrison of New *Jernsalem*) (Cause!
What would the Brethren do? The Cause! The
Sack-Possets, and the Fundamental Laws?

Lord! what a godly thing is want of Shirts!
How a Scotch Stomach and no Meat converts!
They wanted Food and Rayment; so they took
Religion for their Seamstrefs, and their Cook.
Unmask them well, their Honours and Estate,
As well as Conscience, are sophisticate.
Shrive but their Title and their Moneys poize,
A Laird and twenty pence pronounc'd with noise,
When constru'd but for a plain Yeoman go,
And a good sober two pence, and well so.
Hence then you proud Impostors, get you gone,
You *Picks* in Gentry and Devotion.
You Scandal to the Stock of Verse, a Race
Able to bring the Gibbet in disgrace.
Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of use.

Americanus ille qui cælum horruit,
 Quod Hispanorum repat eò sed pars quota!
 Viderat in Orco si Scotos (hui tot Scotos!)
 Roterodamus pependerit medioximus.
 Sat Musa! semissa fercularis
 Medullitus vorans, Diabolis invidens
 Propriam sibi suam Scoti, paropsidem
 Ut Berniclis enim Scoti; sic Lucifer
 Saturatur ipsis Berniclatioribus.

Nam lapsus a furcâ Scotus, mox & styge
 Tinctus, suum novatur in Plant-Anserem.

The *Indian* that Heaven did forswear,
 Because he heard some *Spaniards* were there ;
 Had he but known what *Scots* in Hell had been,
 He would *Erasmus*-like have hung between.
 My Muse hath done. A Voyder for the nonce,
 I wrong the Devil should I pick their Bones ;
 That Dish is his ; for when the *Scots* decease,
 Hell like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.
 A *Scot* when from the Gallow-tree got loose
 Drops into *Stryx*, and turns a *Soland* Goose.

The

The King's Disguise.

AND why so coffin'd in this vile Disguise, (eyes
 That who but sees blasphemes thee with his
 My Twins of Light within their Penthouse shrink,
 And hold it their Allegiance to wink.
 O for a State-Distinction to Arraign
 Charles of High-Treason 'gainst my Sovereign!
 What an Usurper to his Prince is wont,
 Cloyster and shave him, he himself hath don't.
 His muffled Feature speaks him a Recluse,
 His Ruins prove him a Religious House.
 The Sun hath mew'd his Beams from off his Lamp,
 And Majesty defac'd the Royal Stamp.
 Is't not enough thy Dignitie's in thrall,
 But thou'lt transcribe it in thy shape and all?
 As if thy Blacks were of too faint a die
 Without the Tincture of Tautology.
 Flay an *Egyptian* for his Cassock-skin
 Spun of his Countrie's darkness, lin't within
 With *Presbyterian* badge, that drowzy Trance
 The Synod's fable, foggy Ignorance.
 Nor bodily, nor ghostly *Negro* could
 Roughcast thy Figure in a sadder mold.

This Privy-Chamber of thy Garb would be
 But the Close-Mourner to thy Royalty.
 Then break the Circle of thy Taylor's Spell,
 A Pearl within a rugged Oyster's Shell.
 Heaven, which the Minister of thy Person owns,
 Will fine thee for Dilapidations,
 Like to a martyr'd Abbey's courser doom,
 Devoutly alter'd to a Pigeon-room;
 Or like a College by the Changeling Rabble,
 Manchester's Elves, transform'd into a Stable.
 Or if there be a Prophanation higher,
 Such is the Sacrilege of thine Attires
 By which th' art half depos'd, thou look'st like one
 Whose Looks are under Sequestration :
 Whose Renegado-form at the first glance,
 Shews like the Self-denying Ordinance.
 Angel of Light and Darkness too (I doubt)
 Inspir'd within, and yet possess'd without :
 Majestick Twy-light in the state of Grace,
 Yet with an Excommunicated Face.
 Charles and his Mask are of a different Mint,
 A Psalm of Mercy in a miscreant print.
 The Sun wears Midnight ; Day is beetle-brow'd,
 And Lightning is in Kelder of a Cloud.
 O the accurst Stenography of State !
 The Princely Eagle shrunk into a Bar.

What

What Charm ; what Magick vapour can it be
 That checks his Rayes to this Apostasie ?
 It is no subtil film of Tiffany-air,
 No Cobweb-Yizard (such as Ladies wear ;
 When they are vail'd on purpose to be seen,
 Doubling their Lustre by their vanquish'd skreen,
 No, the false Scabberd of a Prince is tough,
 And three pil'd darkneses, like the smoaky slough
 Of an imprison'd flame ; 'tis *Faux* in grain,
 Dark Lanthorn to, our bright Meridian :
 Hell belch'd the Damp, the *Warwick* Castle Vote
 Rang *Britain's* Curfew, so our Light went out.
 A black Offender should he wear his Sin
 For Penance, could not have a darker Skin.
 His Visage is not legible ; the Letters
 Like a Lord's Name writ in Phantastick Fetters,
 Clothes where a *Switzer* might be buried quick ;
 Sure they would fit the Body Politick.
 False Beard enough to thatch a Poet's Plot
 (For that's the Ambush of their Wit, God wot)
 Nay all his Properties so strange appear,
 Y' are not ith' Presence, though the King be there
 A Libel is his Dress, a Garb uncouth,
 Such as the Hue and Cry once purg'd at Mouth.
 Scribling Assassinate ! Thy Lines attest
 An ear-mark due, Cub of the Blatant Beast :

Whose

Whose Breath before 'tis syllabled for worse
 Is Blasphemy unfledg'd, a callow Curse :
 The *Laplanders* when they would sell a wind
 Wasting to Hell, bag up thy Phrase and bind
 It to the Barque, which at the Voyage end
 Shifts Poop, and breeds the Collick in the Fiend.
 But I'll not dub thee with a glorious Scar,
 Nor sink thy Sculler with a Man of War.
 The black-mouth'd *Siquis*, and this slandering suit
 Both do alike in Picture execute.

But since w're all call'd Papists; why not date
 Devotion to the Rags thus Consecrate?
 As Temples use to have their Porches wrought
 With *Sphynxes*, Creatures of an Antiqué draught,
 And purling Portraitures, to shew that there
 Riddles inhabited; the like is here.

But pardon Sir, since I presume to be
 Clerk of this Closet to your Majesty;
 Methinks in this your dark mysterious Dress,
 I see the Gospel couch'd in Parables.
 The second view my purblind phancy wipes,
 And shews Religion in its dusky Types;
 Such a Text Royal, so obscure a shade,
 Was *Salomon* in *Proverbs* all array'd.

Come all the Brats of this Expounding Age
 To whom the Spirit is in Pupilage :

You

You that damn more than ever *Sampson* Uew,
 And with his Engine the same Jaw-bone too.
 How is't he scapes your Inquisition free,
 Since bound up in the Bible's Livery?
 Hence Cabinet-Intruders, Pick-Locks hence.
 You that dim Jewels with your *Bristol*-fence,
 And Characters, like Witches, so torment,
 Till they confess a Guilt, though Innocent.
 Keys for this Cipher you can never get,
 None but Saint *Peter's* ope this Cabinet;
 This Cabinet, whose Aspect would benight
 Critick Spectators with redondant light.
 A Prince most seen is least. What Scriptures call
 The Revelation, is most mystical.

Mount then thou Shadow Royal, and with haste
 Advance thy Morning-Star, *Charles* overcast.
 May thy strange Journey contradictions twist,
 And force fair Weather from a Scottish mist.
 Heavens Confessors are pos'd; those Star-ey'd Sages
 T' interpret an Eclipse thus riding Stages.
 Thus *Israel*-like he travels with a Cloud,
 Both as a Condu&t to him and a Shroud.
 But O! He goes to *Gibeon*, and renews
 A League with mouldy bread and clouted shoes.

Rupertismus.

Rupertismus.

O That I could but vote my self a Poet,
 Or had the Legislative knack to do it !
 Or like the Doctors Militant could get
 Dubb'd at adventure Verser Banneret.
 Or had I *Cacus* trick to make my Rhymes
 Their own *Antipodes*, and track the times,
 Faces about sayes the Remonstrant Spirit,
 Allegiance is Malignant, Treason Merit.
Huntington-Colt that pos'd the Sage Recorder
 Might be a Surgeon now and pass by Order.
 Had I but *Elsing's* Gift (that splay-mouth'd Brother)
 That declares one way, and yet means another :
 Could I thus write asquint, then Sir long since
 You had been sung a Great and Glorious Prince.
 I had observ'd the Language of these dayes,
 Blasphem'd you, and then periwig'd the Phrase
 With humble service, and such other Fustian, (on
 Bells which ring backward in this great Combusti-
 I had revil'd you, and without offence
 The Literal and th' Equitable sence
 Would make it good. When all fails this will do't,
 Sure that Distinction cleft the Devil's foot.

This

This were my *Dialect*, would your Highness please
 To read me but with Hebrew Spectacles ;
 Interpret counter what is cross rehears'd ;
 Libels are Commendations when revers'd.
 Just as an Optique Glass contracts the Sight
 At one end, but when turn'd doth multiply't.
 But you're enchanted, Sir you're doubly free
 From the great Guns and Squibbing Poetry ;
 Whom neither *Bilbo*, nor Invention pierces,
 Proof, even 'gainst th' Artillery of Verses,
 Strange ! That the Muses cannot wound your Mail,
 If not their Art, yet let their Sex prevail.
 At that known Leaguer where the Bonny *Bess*
 Suppli'd the Bow-strings with their twisted Tresses,
 Your Spels could ne'r have fenc'd you, ev'ry Arrow
 Had lanc'd your noble Breast & drunk the Marrow:
 For Beauty, like white Powder, makes no noise,
 And yet the silent Hypocrite destroys.
 Then use the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
 Lest *Wharton* tell his Gossips of the City,
 That you kill Women too, nay Maids, and such
 Their General wants *Miliss* to touch ;
 Impotent *Effex* ! Is it not a shame
 Our Commonwealth, like to a Turkish Dame,
 Should have an Eunuch Guardian ? May she be
 Ravish'd by *Charles*, rather than sav'd by thee.

But why, my Muse, like a Green-sickness Girl,
 Feed'st thou on Coals and Dirt? A Gelding Earl
 Gives no more relish to thy Female palate
 Than to the Ass did once the Thistle-Salat.
 Then quit his barren Theme, and all at once
 Thou and thy Sisters, like bright Amazons,
 Give *Rupert* an *Alarm*. *Rupert*! one
 Whose name is Wit's Superfecundation;
 Makes Phancy, like Eternitie's round womb,
 Unite all Valour past, present, to come.
 He, who the old Philosophy controuls,
 That voted down Plurality of Souls.
 He breaths a Grand Committee, all that were
 The Wonders of their Age constellate here,
 And as the Elder Sisters Growth and Sense
 (Souls paramount themselves) in Man commence
 But faculties of Reason Queens no more
 Are they to him, who was complete before
 Ingredients of his Virtues. Thread the Beads
 Of *Cæsar's* Acts, Great *Pompey's*, and the *Swedes*,
 And 'tis a Bracelet fit for *Rupert's* hand;
 By which that vast triumph is span'd.
 Here, here is Palmestry; here you may read
 How long the World shall live, and when't shall
 What every Man winds up that *Rupert* hath
 For Nature rais'd him on the Publick Faith:

Pandora's Brother, to make up whose store
 The Gods were fain to run upon the score.
 Such was the Painter's Brief for *Venus* Face,
Item an Eye from *Jane*, a Lip from *Grace*.
 Let *Isaac* and his Citz flay off the Plate.
 That tips their Antlets, for their Calf of State.
 Let the Zeal-twanging Nose that wants a Ridge,
 Snuffling devoutly, drop his silver Bridge;
 Yes and the Gossip's Spoon augment the Sum,
 Although poor *Caleb* lose his Christendom.
Rupert outweighs that in his Sterling self,
 Which their Self-want pays in Committee-pelf.
 Pardon, Great Sir; for that ignoble Crew
 Gains when made Bankrupt in the Scales with you,
 As he who in his Character of Light
 Styl'd it God's shadow, made it far more bright
 By an Eclipse so glorious (Light is dim,
 And a black Nothing when compar'd with him)
 So 'tis Illustrious to be *Rupert's* foil,
 And a just Trophée to be made his spoil.
 I'll pin my Faith on the Diurnal's sleeve
 Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall* Creed believe.
 The Conquests which the Common-Council hears
 With their wide listning Mouth from the Great
 That run away in Triumph; such a Foe (Peers
 Can make Men Victors in their Overthrow.

Where

where Providence and Valour meet in one,
 Courage so poiz'd with Circumspection,
 That he revives the Quarrel once again
 Of the Soul's Throne; whether in Heart, or Brain,
 And leaves it a drawn Match; whose fervor can
 Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a man.
 His Trumpet, like the Angels at the last,
 Makes the Soul rise by a miraculous blast.
 Was that Mount *Athos* carv'd in shape of Man,
 As was design'd by th' *Macedonian*,
 Whose right hand should a populous Land contain,
 The left should be a Channel to the Main;
 His Spirit would inform th' *Amphibious* Figure,
 And straight laced sweat for a Dominion bigger.
 The terror of whose Name can out of seven,
 Like *Falstaff's* Buckram-men, make fly eleven.
 Thus some grow rich by breaking; Vipers thus
 By being slain are made more numerous.
 No wonder they'll confess no loss of men;
 For *Rapiers* knocks 'em till they gig again.
 They fear the Gilets of his Train, they fear,
 Even his Dog, that four-leg'd Cavalier.
 He that devours the Scraps that *Lunsford* makes,
 Whose Picture feeds upon a Child in stakes;
 Who name but *Charles* he comes aloft for him;
 But holds up his Malignant Leg at *Pym*:

'Gainst whom they have these Articles in Soufe,
 First, that he barks against the Sense o' th' House;
 Resolv'd Delinquent; to the Tower straight;
 Either to th' Lyons, or the Bishop's Grate.
 Next for his ceremonious wag o' th' Tail;
 But there the Sisterhood will be his Bail;
 At least the Countess with Lust's *Amsterdam*,
 That lets in all Religions of the Game;
 Thirdly, he smells Intelligence; that's better
 And cheaper too, than Pym's from his own Letter,
 Who's doubly paid (Fortune or we the blinder!),
 For making Plots, and then for Fax the finder.
 Lastly, he is a Devil without doubt;
 For when he would lie down he wheels about;
 Makes Circles and is conchant in a Ring,
 And therefore (core up one for conjuring, quarter!)
 What canst thou say, thou Wretch? O quarter!
 I'm but an Instrument, a mere Sir *Arthur*;
 If I must hang, O let not our Fates vary,
 Whose Office 'tis alike to fetch and carry!
 No hopes of a Reprieve, the mutinous stir,
 That strung the Jesuit will dispatch the Cur,
 Were I a Devil, as the Rabble fears,
 I see the House would try me by my Peers.
 There *Fowler* there! an *Fowler*? It, tis nought,
 What e'r the Accusers cry, they'r at default,

And *Glyn* and *Maynard* have no more to say,
Then when the glorious *Strafford* stood at bay.

Thus Libels but amount to him we see

T' enjoy a Copyhold of Victory.

Saint Peter's shadow heal'd, *Rupert's* is such

'T would find *Saint Peter* work, and wound as much

He gags their Guns, defeats their dire intent,

The Cannons do but hiss and complement,

Sure *Jove* descended in a leaden shower

To get this *Perseus*; hence the fatal power

Of Shot is strangled; Bullets thus allied

Fear to commit an Act of Paricide.

Goon brave Prince, and make the World confess,

Thou art the greater World, and that the less.

Scatter th' accumulative King; untruss

That five-fold Fiend the State's *Smeethynus*,

Who place Religion in their Vellam-ears,

As in their *Phylacterys* the *Jews* did theirs.

England's a Paradise, and a modest word,

Since guarded by a Cherub's flaming Sword,

Your Name can scare an Atheist to his prayers,

And cure the Chin-cough better than the Bears.

Old *Sibils* Charm Toothach with you, the Nurse

Makes you still Children, and the pond'rous Curse

The Clown salutes with is deriv'd from you,

Now *Rupert* take thee Rogue, how dost thou do?

In fine the Name of *Rupers* thunders so,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling Wheelbarrow.

Upon Sir *Thomas Martin* who subscribed a Warrant thus,

*We the Knights and Gentlemen of the
 Committee, when there was no
 Knight but himself.*

HAng out a Flag and gather pence a piece.
 Which *Africk* never bred, nor swelling *Greece*
 With Stories Tympany; a Beast so rare,
 No Lecturer's wrought Cap, or *Barthol'mew* Fair
 Can match him, Nature's Whimsey that outvies
Tredefcant and his Ark of Novelties;
 The *Gog* and *Magog* of Prodigious Sights;
 With reverence to your eyes, Sir *Thomas* Knights.
 But is this Bigamy of Titles due?
 Are you Sir *Thomas* and Sir *Martin* too?
Issachar couchant'twixt a brace of Sirs,
 Thou Knighthood in a pair of Panniers.
 Thou that look'st wrap'd up in thy warlike-leather,
 Like *Valentine* and *Orson* bound together.

Spur's Representative, thou that art able
 To be a Voyder to King *Arthur's* Table;
 Who in this Sacrilegious Mass of all,
 It seems, has swallow'd *Winfir's* Hospital.
 Pair Royal, headed *Cerberus* his Collar;
Hercules Labors were a Baker's dozen,
 Had he but trump'd on thee, whose forked neck
 Might well have answer'd at the Font for *Smec*.
 But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood ly?
 Metal on Metal is false Heraldry.
 And yet the known *Godfrey* of *Bouloign's* Coat
 Shines in Exception to the Herald's Vote.
 Great Spirits move not by Pedantick Laws,
 Their Actions, though Eccentrick, state the Cause.
 And *Priscian* bleeds with honour. *Cesar* thus
 Subscrib'd two Consuls with one *Julius*,
Tom never oaded-Squire, scarce Yeoman high,
 Is *Tom* twice dipp'd; Knight of a double die?
 Fond man, whose Fate is in his Name betray'd;
 It is the setting Sun doubles his shade:
 But it's no matter; for amphibious he
 May have a Knight hang'd, yet Sir *Tom* go free.

The General Eclipse.

Ladies that guild the glittering Noon,
 And by Reflection mend his Ray,
 Whose Beauty makes the sprightly Sun
 To dance, as upon Easter-day ;
 What are you now the Queen's away ?

Courageous Eagles, who have whet
 Your Eyes upon Majestick Light,
 And thence deriv'd such Martial heat,
 That still your Looks maintain the Fight ;
 What are you since the King's Goodnight ?

Cavalier-buds, whom Nature teems,
 As a Reserve for *England's* Throne,
 Spirits whose double edge redeems
 The last Age, and adorns your own ;
 What are you now the Prince is gone ?

As an obstructed Fountain's head
 Cuts the Intail off from the Streams,
 And Brooks are disinherited ;
 Honour and Beauty are mere Dreams,
 Since *Charles* and *Mary* lost their Beams.

Criminal Valors ! 'who commit
 Your Gallantry, whose *Pæan* brings
 A Psalm of Mercy after it ;
 In this sad Solstice of the King's,
 Your Victory hath mew'd her wings.

See how your Souldier wears his Cage
 Of Iron, like the Captive Turk,
 And as the Guerdon of his Rage !
 See how your glimmering Peers do lurk,
 Or at the best work Journey-work !

Thus'tis a General Eclipse,
 And the whole World is al-a-mort ;
 Only the House of Commons trips
 The Stage in a Triumphant fort,
 Now e'n *John Lilburn* take 'em for't.

S E C T. III.

Containing MISCELLANIES.

*Upon Princess Elizabeth born the
Night before New-Year's Day.*

A Strologers say, *Venus*, the self same Star
Is both our *Hesperus* and *Lucifer*;
The Antitype, this *Venus* makes it true,
She shuts the old Year, and begins the new.
Her Brother with a Star at Noon was born,
She like a Star both of the Eve and Morn.
Count o'r the Stars, fair Queen, in Babes, and vie
With every Year a new Epiphany.

Upon

*Upon a Miser who made a great
Feast, and the next day died for
Grief.*

E S.

the

y.

Star

rue,

and vic

Upon

N Or scapes he so; our Dinner was so good
My liquorish Muse cannot but chew the Cud,
And what delight she took in th' Invitation
Strives to tast o'r again in this Relation.

After a tedious Grace in *Hopkin's* Rhyme,
Not for Devotion, but to take up time,
March'd the Train'd-Band of Dishes, usher'd there
To shew their Postures, and then as they were:
For he invites no Teeth, perchance the Eye
He will afford, the Lover's Gluttony.

Thus is our Feast a Muster, not a Fight,
Our Weapon's not for Service, but for Sight.
But are we Tantaliz'd? Is all this Meat
Cook'd by a Limner for to view, not eat?

Th' Astrologers keep such Houses when they sup
On Joynts of *Tamers*, or the heavenly Tup.
What ever Feasts he made are summ'd up here,
His Table vies not standing with his Cheer;
His Churchings, Christnings; in this Meal are all,
And not transcrib'd, but in th' Original.

Christmas is no Feast moveable; for lo,
The self same Dinner was ten years ago!

'Twill

'Twill be immortal, if it longer stay,
 The Gods will eat it for *Ambrosia*.
 But stay a while; unless my Whinyard fail;
 Or is enchanted, I'll cut off the Intail.
 Saint *George* for *England* then! have at the Mutton,
 Where the first cut calls me blood-thirsty Glutton.
 Stout *Ajax* with his anger-codled brain
 Killing a Sheep thought *Agamemnon* slain;
 The Fiction's now prov'd true, wounding the Rest,
 I lamentably Butcher up mine Host.
 Such Sympathy is with his Meat, my Weapon
 Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his Capon.
 Cut a Goose Leg, and the poor Fool for mone
 Turns Cripple too, and after stands on one.
 Have you not heard th' abominable sport
 A *Lancaster* Grand-Jury will report?
 The Souldier with his *Merglay* watch'd the Mill,
 The Cats they came to feast, when lusty *Will*
 Whips off great Pusses Leg, which (by some Charm)
 Proves the next day such an old Woman's Arm.
 It's so with him, whose carcass never scapes,
 But still we slash him in a thousand shapes,
 Our Serving-men (like Spanniels) range to spring
 The Fowl which he had cluck'd under his wing.
 Should he on Woodcock, or on Widgeon feed
 It were, *Thyestes*-like, on his own Breed,

To Pork he pleads a Superstition due,
 But we subscribe neither to *Scot*, nor *Jew*
 No Liquor stirs; call for a Cup of Wine;
 'Tis Blood we drink, we pledge thee *Castiline*.
 Sawces we should have none, had he his wish;
 The Oranges ith' Margin of his Dish.
 He with such Huckster's care tells o'r and o'r,
 Th' *Hesperian* Dragon never watch'd them more.
 But being eaten now into despair,
 Having nought else to do he falls to prayer.
 Thou that didst Condeit on the form of Bull,
 And turn'd thine *Io* to a lovely Mull,
 Defend my Rump, great *Jove*, allay my grief,
 O spare me this, this Monumental Beef!
 But no *Amth* was said; see see it comes; (Drums.
 Draw Boyes, let Trumpets sound, and strike up
 See how his Blood doth with the Gravy swim,
 And every Trencher hath a Limb of him. (deeper,
 The Ven'son's now in view, our Hounds spend
 Strange Deer which in the Pasty hath a Keeper
 Stricter than in the Park, making his Guest,
 As he had stol't alive, to steal it drest!
 The scent was hot, and we pursuing faster
 Than *Ovid's* Pack of Dogs e'r chas'd their Master,
 A double prey at once we seize upon,
Alceon, and his Case of Venison.

Thus

Thus was he torn alive, to vex him worse,
 Death serves him up now as a second Course!
 Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat;
 He would have liv'd only to save his Meat.
 Lastly; we did devour that Corps of His
 Throughout all *Obid's Metamorphosis*.

*On the Memory of Mr. Edward King
 drown'd in the Irish Seas.*

I Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
 His artificial Grief who scans his eyes;
 Mine weep down pious Beads; but why should I
 Confine them to the Muses Rosary?
 I am no Poet here; my Pen's the Spout
 Where the Rain-water of mine eyes run out
 In pity of that Name, whose Fate we see
 Thus copied out in Grief's Hydrography.
 The Muses are not Mer-mayds, though upon
 His Death the Ocean might turn *Hellcom*.
 The Sea's too rough for Verse; who rhymes upon't
 With *Xerxes* strives to fether th' *Hellespont*.
 My Tears will keep no Channel, know no Laws
 To guide their streams, but like the waves, their cause

Run with disturbance, till they swallow me
 As a Description of his Misery.
 But can his spacious Virtue find a Grave
 Within the Impostum'd bubble of a Wave?
 Whose Learning if we found, we must confess
 The Sea but shallow, and him bottomless.
 Could not the Winds to countermand thy death
 With their whole Card of Lungs redeem thy breath?
 Or some new Island in thy rescue peep
 To heave thy Resurrection from the Deep;
 That so the World might see thy safety wrought
 With no less wonder than thy self was thought?
 The famous *Stagirite* (who in his life
 Had Nature as familiar as his Wife)
 Bequeath'd his Widow to survive with thee
 Queen Dowager of all Philosophy.
 An ominous Legacy, that did portend
 Thy Fate, and Predecessor's second end.
 Some have affirm'd that what on Earth we find,
 The Sea can parallel for shape and kind.
 Books, Arts and Tongues were wanting, but in thee
Neptune hath got an University.

We'll dive no more for Pearls; the hope to see
 Thy sacred Reliques of Mortality
 Shall welcome Storms, and make the Seaman prize
 His Shipwrack now more than his Merchandize.

He

He shall embrace the Waves, and to thy Tomb,
 As to a Royaller Exchange shall come.
 What can we now expect? Water and Fire,
 Both Elements our ruin do conspire;
 And that dissolves us which doth us compound,
 One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.
 We of the Gown our Libraries must toss
 To understand the greatness of our Loss;
 Be Pupils to our Grief, and so much grow
 In Learning, as our Sorrows overflow.
 When we have fill'd the Rundlets of our Eyes
 We'll issue't forth, and vent such Elegies,
 As that our Tears shall seem the *Irish* Seas,
 We floating Islands, living *Hebrides*.

*An Elegy upon the Arch-Bishop of
Canterbury.*

I Need no Muse to give my Passion vent,
 He brews his Tears that studies to lament.
 Verse chymically weeps, that pious rain
 Distill'd by Art is but the sweat o'th' Brain.
 Who ever sob'd in Numbers? Can a Groan
 Be quaver'd out in soft Division?

'Tis true, for common formal Elegies
 Not *Bushel's* Wells can Match a Poet's Eyes
 In wanton Water-Works; he'll tune his Tears
 From a *Geneva*-Jig up to the Spheres :
 But then he mourns at distance, weeps aloof,
 Now that the Conduit Head is our own Roof,
 Now that the Fate is Publick, (we may call
 It *Britain's* Vespers, *England's* Funeral)
 Who hath a Pencil to express the Saint,
 But he hath Eyes too washing off the Paint?
 There is no Learning but what Tears surround,
 Like to *Seb's* Pillars in the Deluge drown'd.
 There is no Church, Religion is grown
 So much of late that she's encreast to none.
 Like an Hydropick Body full of Rheumes,
 First swells into a bubble, then consumes.
 The Law is dead, or cast into a Trance,
 And by a Law dough-bak'd an Ordinance.
 The Liturgy, whose doom was voted next,
 D'd as a Comment upon him the Text.
 There's nothing lives, Life is, since he is gone,
 But a Nocturnal Lucubration.
 Thus you have seen Death's Inventory read,
 In the Summ total *Canterbury's* dead.
 A sight would make a *Pagan* to baptize
 Himself a Convert in his bleeding Eyes.

Would thaw the Rabble, that fierce Beast of ours,
 That which *Hyena*-like weeps and devours
 Tears that flow brackish from their Souls within,
 Not to repent, but pickle up their Sin.

Mean time no squalid Grief his Look defiles,
 He guilds his sadder Fate with nobler Smiles.
 Thus the World's Eye with reconciled Streams
 Shines in his showers, as if he wept his beams.
 How could Success such Villanies applaud?
 The State in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Laud*,
 The Twins of publick rage, adjudg'd to die
 For Treasons they should act by Prophecie.
 The Facts were done before the Laws were made,
 The Trump turn'd up after the Game was play'd.
 Be dull great Spirits, and forbear to climb;
 For Worth is Sin, and Eminence a Crime.

No Church-man can be Innocent and High,
 'Tis height makes *Grantham* Steeple stand awry.

Epitaphium *Thonia Spell Coll. Divi
Johannis Præsidis.*

Hic jacet *Quantillum Quanti,*

Ille, quatenus potuit mori

Thomas Spellus :

Fuit nomen, erit Epiteton.

Posthumus sibi perennabit, idem

Olim & olim.

Ille qui sibi futurus Posteris,

Ut esse poterat Majores sui,

Honestis quicquid debuit Natalibus

Maestus in sese, disputandus virum

Sui magis, an ex Patrum traduce ;

Quem vita Drama Missionem dedit ;

Qui verba promisit, ut Alcedo pullos

Omine pacis ;

Quocum sepulta jacet Urbinitas,

Et Malaci mores tanquam Soldurii

Commoriantur.

Pauperum Scipio, & amor omnium.

Collegii Coagulum, Honorum Climax,

Scholaris, Socius, Senior, Præses,

Et Pastor gregis in cruce providus.

Oculos à flando non moror amplius.

Vixit.

Mark Anthony.

When as the Nightingale chanted her Vespers,
 And the wild Forrester couch'd on the ground,
Venus invited me in th' Evening Whispers
 Unto a fragrant Field with Roses crown'd ;
 Where she before had sent
 My Wishes Complement,
 Unto my Heart's content
 Play'd with me on the Green ;
 Never *Mark Anthony*
 Dallied more wantonly
 With the fair *Egyptian Queen*.

First on her cherry Cheeks I mine Eyes feasted,
 Thence fear of Surfeiting made me retire ;
 Next on her warmer Lips, which when I tasted
 My duller Spirits made me active as fire ;
 Then we began to dart,
 Each at another's Heart,
 Arrows that knew no smart ;
 Sweet Lips and Smiles between.
 Never *Mark, &c.*

Wanting a Glasse to plate her Amber Tresses,
 Which like a Bracelet rich decked mine Arm,
 Gawdier than *Juno* wears, when as the Graces
Jove with Embraces more stately, than warm;

Then did she peep in mine
 Eyes humour Chrystalline
 I in her Eyes was seen,
 As if we one had been.

Never Mark, &c.

Mystical Grammar of Amorous Glances;
 Feeling of Pulses, the Physick of Love,
 Rhetorical Courtings and Musick Dances,
 Numbring of Kisses Arithmetick prove

Eyes, like Astronomy,
 Straight-limb'd Geometry
 In her Art's Ingeny,
 Our Wits were sharp and keen.

Never Mark Anthony
 Dallied more wantonly
 With the fair *Egyptian* Queen.

The Author's Mock-Song to Mark Anthony.

WHen as the Nightingale sang *Pluto's Mattins*,
And *Cerberus* cri'd three *Amens* at a Howl,
When Night-wandering Witches put on their Pattns
Midnight as dark as their Faces are Foul:

Then did the Furies doom
That the Night-Mare was come;

Such a mishapen Groom

Puts down *Su. Pomfret* clean.

Never did *Incubus*

Touch such a filthy *Sus*,

As this foul Gypsie Quean.

First on her Goosberry Cheeks I mine eys Blasted,

Thence fear of vomiting made me retire

Unto her Blewer Lips, which when I Tasted

My Spirits were duller than Dun in the Mire;

But when her Breath took place,

Which went an Usher's pace,

And made way for her Face,

You may guess what I mean.

Never did, &c.

Like Snakes engendring were platted her Tresses,
 Or like to slimy streaks of Ropy Ale;
 Uglier than Envy wears, when she confesses
 Her Head is periwig'd with Adder's Tail.

But as soon as she spake,
 I heard a Harsh Mandrake:
 Laugh not at my Mistake,
 Her Head is Epicene.
 Never did, &c.

Mystical Magick of Conjuring Wrinkles;
 Feeling of Pulses, the Palmstry of Hags,
 Scolding out Belches for Rhetorick Twinckles,
 With three Teeth in her Head like to three Gags:
 Rainbows about her Eyes,
 And her Nose Weather-wise,
 From them the Almanack lies,
 Frost, Pond and Rivers clean.

Never did *Incubus*
 Touch such a filthy *Sus*,
 As this foul Gypsic Quean,

How the Commencement grows new.

'T Is no *Curanto*-News I undertake, (make,
 New Teacher of the Town I mean not to
 No *New-England* Voyage my Muse does intend,
 No new Fleet, no baid Fleet, nor bonny Fleet send :
 But if you'll be pleas'd to hear out this Ditty,
 I'll tell you some News as True and as Witty ;
 And how the Commencement grows new.

See how the Simony-Doctors abound,
 All crowding to throw away forty pound : (per
 They'l now in their Wives Stammel-Petticoats va-
 Without any need of an Argument-Draper ;
 Beholding to none, he neither beseeches
 This Friend for Ven'son, nor t'other for Speeches,
 And so the Commencement grows new.

Every twice a day the Teaching Gaffer
 Brings up his Easter-book to Chaffer :
 Nay some take Degrees, who never had Steeple,
 Whose Means, like Degrees, come from Placers of
 They come to the Fair, & at the first pluck, (people.
 The Toll-man *Barnaby* strikes 'um good luck,
 And so, &c.

The Country Parsons they do not come up
 On Tuesday Night in their own College to Sup ;
 Their Bellies and Table-Books equally full,
 The next Lecture-Dinner their Notes forth to pull ;
 How bravely the *Marg'ret* Professor Disputed,
 The Homilies urg'd, and the School-men Confuted?
 And so, &c.

The Inceptor brings not his Father, the Clown,
 To look with his Mouth at his *Grogoram* Gown ;
 With like Admiration to eat Roasted Beef,
 Which Invention pos'd his Beyond-*Trent*-Belief ;
 Who should he but hear our Organs once sound,
 Could scarce keep his Hoof from *Sellenger's* Round,
 And so, &c.

The Gentleman comes not to shew us his Satin, (tin ;
 To look with some Judgment at him that speaks La-
 To be angry with him that makes not his Cloaths
 To answer, O Lord Sir, and talk Play-book-oaths,
 And at the next Bear-baiting (full of his Sack)
 To tell his Comrades our Discipline's Slack.
 And so, &c.

We have no Prevaricator's Wit.

Ay, marry Sir, when have you had any yet ?

Besides

Besides no serious *Oxford*-man comes
 To cry down the use of Jestings and Hums
 Our Ballad (believe't) is no stranger than true;
Mum Salter is Sober, and *Jack Martin* too.
 And so the Commencement grows new.

Square-Cap.

Come hither *Apollo's* Bouncing Girl,
 And in a whole Hippocrene of Sherry
 Let's drink a round till our Brains do whirl,
 Tuning our Pipes to make our selves merry;
 A *Cambridge-Lass*, *Venus*-like, born of the Froth
 Of an old half fill'd Jug of Barly-Broth,
 She, she is my Mistress, her Suitors are many,
 But she'll have a Square-Cap, if e'r she have any.
(comes
 And first, for the Plush-sake, the *Monmouth-Cap*
 Shaking his Head, like an empty Bottle,
 With his new-fangled Oath by *Jupiter's* Thumbs,
 That to her Health he'll begin a pottle:
 He tells her, that after the Death of her Grannam
 She shall have God knows what *per Annum*.
 But still she replied, Good Sir *La-bee*,
 If ever I have a Man Square-Cap for me.

Then

Then *Calor* Leather-Cap strongly pleads

And fain would derive his Pedigree of fashion.

The *Antipodes* were their Shoes on their Heads,

And why may not we in their Imitation :

Oh ! how the Foot-ball noddle would please,

If it were but well toss'd on Sir *Thomas* his Leeds :

But still she replied Good Sir *La-bee*

If ever I have a Man, Square-Cap for me.

Next comes the Puritan in a Wrought-Cap,

With a long-wasted Conscience towards a Sister,

And making a Chappel of Ease of her Lap ;

First he said Grace, and then he kiss'd her :

Beloved, quoth he, thou art my Text ;

Then falls he to use and Application next,

But then she replied your Text Sir I'll be,

For then I'm sure you'll ne'r handle me.

But see where Sattin-Cap scouts about, (marry,

And fain would this Wench in his Fellowship

He told her how such a Man was not put out,

Because his Wedding he closely did carry,

He'll purchase Induction by Simony,

And offers her Money her Incumbent to be,

But still she replied, Good Sir *La-bee*,

If ever, I have a Man Square-Cap for me.

The

The Lawyer's a Sophister by his Round Cap,
Nor in their Fallacies are they divided,

The one Milks the Pocket, the other the Tap,

And yet this Wench he fain would have Brided:
Come leave these thred-bare Scholars, quoth he,
And give me Livery and Seisin of thee.

But peace *John-a-Nokes*, and leave your Oration,

For I never will be your Impropriation:

I pray you therefore, Good Sir *La-bee*;

For if ever I have a Man, Square-Cap for me.

The Character of a Country-Committee-man, with the Ear-mark of a Sequestrator.

A Committee-man by his Name should be one that is possessed, there is number enough in it to make an Epithet for *Legion*. He is *Persona in concreto* (to borrow the Solecism of a Modern Statesman.) You may translate it by the *Red-Bull* Phrase, and speak as properly, Enter seven Devils *solus*. It is a well truss'd Title that contains both the Number and the Beast; for a Committee-man is a Noun of Multitude, he must be spell'd with Figures, like Antichrist wrapp'd in a Pair-Royal of Sixes. Thus the Name is as monstrous as the Man; a complex notion, of the same Lineage with Accumulative Treason. For his Office it is the Heptarchy, or *England's Fritters*; it is the broken meat of a crumbling Prince, only the Royalty is greater; for it is here as in the Miracle of Loaves, the Voyder exceeds the Bill of Fare. The Pope and he rings the Changes; here is the Plurality of Crowns

to one Head, joyn them together and there is a Harmony in Discord. The Triple-headed Turn-key of Heaven with the Tripleheaded Porter of Hell. A Committee-man is the Reliques of Regal Government, but, like Holy Reliques, he outbulks the Substance whereof he is a Remnant. There is a score of Kings in a Committee, as in the Reliques of the Cross there is the number of twenty. This is the Gyant with the hundred hands that wields the Scepter; the Tyrannical Bead-Roll by which the Kingdom prays backward, and at every Curse drops a Committee man. Let *Charles* be wav'd, whose condescending Clemency aggravates the Defection, and make *Nero* the Question, better a *Nero* than a Committee. There is less Execution by a single Bullet, than by Case-shot.

Now a Committee man is a party-colour'd Officer. He must be drawn like *Janus* with Cross and Pile in his Countenance; as he relates to the Souldiers, or faces about to his fleecing the Country. Look upon him Martially, and he is a Justice of War, one that hath bound his *Dalrim* up in Buff, and will needs be of the *Quorum* to the best Commanders. He is one of *Mrs* his Lay-Elders, he shares in the

the Government, though a *Non-conformist* to his bleeding Rubrick. He is the like Sectary in Arms, as the Platonick is in Love, keeps a fluttering in Discourse, but proves a Haggard in the Action. He is not of the Souldiers and yet of his Flock. It is an Emblem of the Golden Age (and such indeed he makes it to him) when so tame a Pigeon may converse with Vultures. Methinks a Committee hanging about a Governour, and Bandileers dangling about a fur'd Alderman have an Anagram Resemblance. There is no Syntax between a Cap of Maintenance and a Helmet. Who ever knew an Enemy routed by a Grand Jury and a *Billa vera*? It is a left-handed Garrison where their Authority perches; but the more preposterous the more in fashion; the right hand fights while the left rules the Reigns. The truth is the Souldier and the Gentleman are like *Don Quixot* and *Sancha Pancha*, one fights at all Adventures to purchase the other the Government of the Island. A Committee-man properly should be the Governour's Matress to fit his Truckle, and to new-string him with sinews of War; for his chief use is to raise Assessments in the Neighbouring Wapentake.

The Country people being like an *Irish* Cow

Cow that will not give down her Milk, unless she see her Calf before her : Hence it is he is the Garrison's Dry-Nurse, he chews their Contribution before he feeds them, so the poor Souldiers live like *Trochilus* by picking the Teeth of this sacred Crocodile.

So much for his Warlike or Ammunition-Face, which is so preternatural, that it is rather a Vizard than a Face ; *Mirs* in him hath but a blinking Aspect, his Face of Arms is like his Coat, *Partie per pale*, Souldier and Gentleman much of a scantling.

Now enter his Taxing and deglubing Face, a squeezing Look, like that of *Vespassianus*, as if he were bleeding over a Close-stool.

Take him thus, and he is in the Inquisition of the Purse an Authentick Gypsie, that nips your Bung with a Canting Ordinance : not a murdered Fortune in all the Country but bleeds at the Touch of this Malefactor. He is the Spleen of the Body Politick that swells it self to the Consumption of the Whole. At first indeed he Ferreted for the Parliament, but since he hath got off his Copé he set up for himself. He lives upon the Sins of the People, and that is a good standing Dish too. He verifies the Axiom, *Isidem nutritur ex quibus componitur* ;

componitur ; his Diet is suitable to his Constitution. I have wondred often why the plundred Country-men should repair to him for succour ; certainly it is under the same Notion, as one whose Pockets are pick'd goes to *Mal Cut-purse*, as the Predominant in that Faculty.

He out-dives a Dutch man, gets a Noble of him that was never worth six pence ; for the poorest do not escape, but Dutch-like, he will be dreyning even in the driest Ground. He aliens a Delinquent's Estate with as little Remorse, as his other Holiness gives away an Heretick's Kingdom ; and for the truth of the Delinquency, both Chapmen have as little share of Infallibility. *Lye* is the Grand Salad of Arbitrary Government, Executor to the Star-chamber and the High Commission ; for those Courts are not extinct, they survive in him, like Dollars changed into single Money. To speak the truth, he is the Universal Tribunal : for since these Times all Causes fall to his Cognizance ; as in a great Infection on all Diseases turn oft to the Plague. It concerns our Masters the Parliament to look about them ; if he proceedeth at this rate, the Jack may come to swallow the Pike, as the Interest often eats out the Principal. As his Commands are great, so he

H

looks

looks for a Reverence accordingly. He is punctual in exacting your Hat, and to say, Right his due, but by the same Title as the upper Garment is the Vails of the Executioner. There was a time when such Catel would hardly have been taken upon suspicion for Men in office, unless the old Proverb were renewed, That the Beggars make a Free Company, and those their Wardens. You may see what it is to hang together. Look upon them severally, and you cannot but fumble for some Threds of Charity. But oh, they are *Termagants* in Conjunction! like Fidlers, who are Rogues when they go single, and joyn'd in Confort, Gentlemen Musicianers. I care not much if I untwist my Committee-man, and so give him the Receipt of this Grand *Catholicon*.

Take a State-martyr, one that for his good Behaviour hath paid the Excise of his Ears, so suffered Captivity by the Land-Piracy of Ship-money; next a Primitive Freeholder, one that hates the King because he is a Gentleman, transgressing the *Magna Charta* of Delving *Adam*. Add to these a Mortified Bankrupt, that helps out his false Weights with some Scruples of Conscience, and with his peremptory Scales can doom his Prince with a *Mene Tekel*.
These

These with a new blew stockin'd Justice, lately made of a good Basket-hilted Yeoman, with a short-handed Clerk, tack'd to the Rear of him to carry the Knap sack of his Understanding ; together with two or three Equivocal Sirs, whose Religion, like their Gentility, is the Extract of their Acres ; being therefore Spiritual, because they are Earthly ; not forgetting the Man of the Law, whose Corruption gives the Hogan to the sincere Juncto. These are the Simples of this Precious Compound ; a kind of Dutch Hotch-Potch, the *Hogan Mogan* Committee-man.

The Committee-man hath a Side-man, or rather a Setter, hight a Sequestrator, of whom you may say, as of the Great *Sultan's* Horse, where he treads the Grass grows no more. He is the States Cormorant, one that fishes for the publick, but feeds himself ; the misery is, he fishes without the Cormorant's Property, a Rope to strengthen the Gullet, and to make him disgorge. A Sequestratour ! He is the Devil's Nut-hook, the Sign with him is always in the Clutches. There are more Monsters retain to him, than to all the Limbs in Anatomy. It is strange Physicians do not apply him to the Soles of the Feet in a desperate Fever, he draws far
H 2 beyond

beyond Pigeons. I hope some Mountebank will slice him and make the Experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer once removed ; here is the difference, one applauds the Grinder, the other the Grist. Never till now could I verifie the Poet's Description, that the ravenous Harpie had a Humane Visage. Death himself cannot quit scores with him ; like the Demoniack in the Gospel, he lives among Tombs, nor is all the Holy Water shed by Widows and Orphans a sufficient Exorcism to dispossess him. Thus the Cat sucks your breath, and the Fiend your blood ; nor can the Brotherhood of Witch-finders, so sagely instituted with all their Terrour, wean the Familiars.

But once more to single out my emboss'd Committee-man ; his Fate (for I know you would fain see an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the Withers by a Committee of Examinations, and so the Sponge weeps out the Moisture which he had soaked before ; or else he meets his Passing-peal in the clamorous Mutiny of a Gut-foundred Garrison : for the Hedge-sparrow will be feeding the Cuckow, till he mistake his Commons and bites off her head. What-ever it is, it is within his desert : for what is observed of
some

some Creatures, that at the same time they Trade in productions three Stories high, Suckling the first, Big with the second and Clicketing for the third : a Committee-man is the Counterpoint, his Mischief is Superfetation, a certain Scale of Destruction; for he ruins the Father, beggars the Son, and strangles the hopes of all Posterity.

The Character of a Diurnal-maker.

A Diurnal-maker is the Sub-almoner of History, Queen *Mabs* Register, one whom, by the same Figure that a North-country Pedlar is a Merchant-man, you may style an Author. It is like overreach of Language, when every Thin, Tinder-cloak'd Quack must be called a Doctor; when a clumsy Cocker usurps the Attribute of our English Peers and is vamp'd a Translator. List him a Writer, and you smother *Geoffry* in Swabber-flops; the very name of Dabler over-sets him; he is swallowed up in the phrase, like Sir S.L. in a great Saddle, nothing to be seen, but the Giddy Feather in his Crown. They call him a *Mercury*, but he becomes the

Epithet, like the little Negro mounted upon an Elephant, just such another Blot Rampant. He has not Stuffings sufficient for the Reproach of a Scribler; but it hangs about him like an old Wifes Skin, when the Flesh hath forsaken her, lank and loose, He defames a good Title as well as most of our Modern Noble Men; those Wens of Greatness, the Body Politick's most peccant Humours, Blistered into Lords. He hath so Raw-bon'd a Being, that however you render him, he rubs it out and makes Rags of the Expression. The silly Country-man, who seeing an Ape in a Scarlet-coat, bless'd his young Worship, and gave his Landlord joy of the hopes of his House, did not slander his Complement with worse Application, than he that names this Shred an Historian. To call him an Historian is to knight a Mandrake: 'tis to view him through a Perspective, and by that gross *Hyperbole* to give the Reputation of an Engineer to a Maker of Mouse-traps. Such an Historian would hardly pass muster with a Scotch Stationer in a Sieveful of Ballads and Godly Books. He would not serve for the Breast-plate of a begging Grecian. The most cramp'd *Compendium* that the Age hath seen since all Learning hath been almost torn into
Ends.

Ends, outstrips him by the Head. I have heard of Puppets that could prattle in a Play, but never saw of their Writings before. There goes a Report of the *Holland* Women, that together with their Children, they are delivered of a *Sooterkin*, not unlike to a Rat, which some imagine to be the Off-spring of the Stoves. I know not what *Ignis fatuus* adulterates the Press but it seems much after that fashion, else how could this Vermin think to be a Twin to a Legitimate Writer ; when those weekly Fragments shall pass for History, let the poor man's Box be entituled the Exchequer, and the Alms-basket a Magazine. Not a Worm that gnaws on the dull Scalp of Voluminous *Hollinshead*, but at every Meal devour'd more Chronicle, than his Tribe amounts to. A Marginal Note of *W. P.* would serve for a Winding-sheet, for that man's Works, like thick-skin'd Fruits, are all Rinde, fit for nothing but the Authors Fate to be pared in a Pillory.

The Cook, who serv'd up the Dwarf in a Pye (to continue the Frolick) might have lapp'd up such an Historian as this in the Bill of Fare. He is the first Tincture and Rudiment of a Writer, dipp'd as yet in the preparative Blew, like an Almanack

Well-willer. He is the Cadet of a Pamphleteer, the Pedee of a Romancer; he is the Embryo of a History sink'd before Maturity. How should he Record the Issues of Time, who is himself an Abortive? I will not say but that he may pass for an Historian in *Garbier's* Academy; he is much of the size of those Knot-grass Professors. What a pitiful Seminary was there projected! yet sutable enough to the present Universities, those dry Nurses, which the Providence of the Age has so fully reform'd, that they are turn'd Reformado's: But that's no matter, the meanner the better. It is a Maxim observable in these days, That the only way to win the Game is to play Petty *Johns*. Of this number is the Esquire of the Quill; for he hath the Grudging of History, and some Yawnings accordingly. Writing is a Disease in him, and holds like a Quotidian; so 'tis his Infirmary that makes him an Author, as *Mahomet* was beholding to the Falling-sickness to vouch him a Prophet. That nice Artificer; who filed a Chain so thin and light, that a Flea could trail it (as if he had work'd Short-hand, and taught his Tools to Cypher) did but contrive an Emblem for this Skip-Jack and his slight productions.

Methinks

Methinks the Turk should license Diurnals, because he prohibits Learning and Books. A Library of Diurnals is a Wardrobe of Frippery ; 'tis a just *Idea* of a *Limbo* of the Infants. I saw one once that could write with his Toes, by the same token I could have wished he had worn his Copies for Socks ; 'tis he without doubt from whom the Diurnals derive their Pedigree, and they have a Birth-right accordingly, being shuffled out at the bed's feet of History. To what infinite numbers an Historian would multiply, should he crumble into Elves of this Profession ? To supply this smallness they are fain to joyn Forces, so they are not singly but as the Custom is in a Croaking Committee. They tug at the Pen, like slaves at the Oar, a whole Bank together ; they write in the Posture that the *Suedes* gave fire in, over one another's heads. It is said there is more of them go to a Suit of Cloaths than to a *Britannicus* : in this Polygamy the Cloaths breed, and cannot determine whose Issue is Lawfully begotten.

And here I think it it were not amiss to take a particular how he is accoutred, and so do by him as he in his *Siquis* for the Wall-ey'd Mare, or the Crop Flea-bitten, give you the Marks of the Beast. I begin
with

with his Head, which is ever in Clouts, as if the Night-cap should make *Affidavit*, that the Brain was pregnant. To what purpose doth the *Pia Mater* lie in so dully in her white Formalities : sure she hath had hard Labour ; for the Brows have squeezed for it, as you may perceive by his Butter'd Bon-grace, that Film of a Demicaster ; 'tis so thin and unctuous that the Sun-beams mistake it for a Vapour, and are like to Cap him ; so it is right Heliotrope, it creaks in the Shine and flaps in the Shade : whatever it be, I wish it were able to call in his ears. There's no proportion between that Head and Appurtenances ; those of all Lungs are no more fit for that small Noddle of the Circumcision, than Bräfs Boffes for a *Geneva-Bible*. In what a puzzling Neutrality is the poor Soul that moves betwixt two such ponderous Biasses ? His Collar is edg'd with a piece of peeping Linnen, by which he means a Band ; 'tis the Forlorn of his Shirt crawling out of his Neck : indeed it were time that his Shirt were jogging ; for it has serv'd an Apprentiship and (as Apprentices use) it hath learn'd its Trade too, to which effect 'tis marching to the Paper-mill, and the next week sets up for it self in the shape of a Pamphlet. His Gloves are the shavings of
his

his Hands ; for he casts his Skin like a cancell'd Parchment. The Itch represents the broken Seals. His Boots are the Legacies of two black Jacks, and till he pawn'd the Silver that the Jacks were tipp'd with, it was a pretty Mode of Boot-hose-tops. For the rest of his Habit he is a perfect Sea-man, a kind of Tarpawlin, he being hang'd about with his course Composition, those Pole-davie Papers.

But I must draw to an end ; for every Character is an Anatomy-lecture, and it fares with me in this of the Diurnal-maker, as with him that reads on a begg'd Malefactor, my Subject smells before I have gone thorow with him ; for a parting Blow then. The word Historian imports a sage and solemn Author ; one that curls his Brow with a sullen Gravity, like a Bull-neck'd Presbyter, since the Army hath got him off his Jurisdiction, who Presbyter like sweeps his Breast with a Reverend Beard, full of Native Moss-Troopers : not such a squirting Scribe as this, that's troubled with the Rickets, and makes penny-worths of History. The College Treasury that never had in Bank above a *Harry-groat*, shut up there in a melancholick solitude, like one that is kept to keep possession, had as good Evidence to shew for his Title, as he for an Historian :

an: so, if he will needs be an Historian, he is not Cited in the Sterling acceptation, but after the Rate of Blew-caps Reckoning, an Historian Scot. Now a Scotch-man's Tongue runs high *Fullams*. There is a Cheat in his Idiom; for the sence Ebbs from the bold Expression, like the Citizen's Gallon, which the Drawer interprets but half a Pint. In summ; a Diurnal-maker is the Antimark of an Historian; he differs from him as a Dril from a Man, or (if you had rather have it in the Saints Gibbrish) as a Hinter doth from a Holder-forth.

The Character of a London-Diurnal.

A Diurnal is a puny Chronicle, scarce Pin-feather'd with the wings of Time. It is a History in Sippets: The English Iliads in a Nutshell: The Apocryphal Parliament's Book of *Maccabees* in single sheets. It would tire a Welshman to reckon up how many *Aps* 'tis removed from an Annal: for it is of that Extract, only of the younger House, like a Shrimp to a Lobster. The Original Sinner in this kind was Dutch, *Gallobelgicus* the Protoplast, and the modern *Mercuries* but *Hans-en-kelders*. The Countess of *Zealand* was brought to bed of
an

torian, an Almanack, as many Children as days in
 station, the year. It may be the Legislative Lady is
 oning, of that Linage, so she spawns the Diurnals,
 u-man's and they at *Westminster* take them in Ado-
 e is a ption by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*,
 e Ebbs *Britannicus*. In the Frontispiece of the old
 tizen's Beldam Diurnal, like the Contents of the
 ets but Chapter, sitteth the House of Commons
 maker judging the twelve Tribes of *Israel*. You
 differs may call them the Kingdoms Anatomy be-
 if you fore the weekly Kalendar ; for such is a
 brish) Diurnal, the day of the Month with what
 Weather in the Commonwealth. It is taken
 for the Pulse of the Body Politick, and the
 Emperick-Divines of the Assembly, those
 Spiritual Dragooners, thumb it accord-
 urnal. ily. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopsis* ; and those
 scarce Grave *Rabbies* (though in the point of Di-
 Time. vinity) trade in no larger Authors. The
 sh Ili. Country-carrier, when he buyes it for the
 Parlia- Vicar, miscals it the Urinal ; yet properly
 sheets. enough, for it casts the Water of the State
 on up ever since it staled Blood. It differs from
 Annal: an *Aulicus*, as the Devil and his Exorcist, or
 ounge. as a black Witch doth from a white one,
 The whose office is to unravel her Enchant-
 Dutch, ments.
 e mo. It begins usually with an Ordinance,
 The which is a Law still-born, dropt before
 bed of quickned by the Royal Assent. 'Tis one of
 an the

the Parliament's By-blows, Acts only being Legitimate, and hath no more Sire than a Spanish Gennet that is begotten by the Wind.

Thus their *Militia*, like its Patron *Mars*, is the Issue only of the Mother, without the Concourse of Royal *Jupiter*: Yet Law it is, if they Vote it, in defiance to their Fundamentals; like the old Sexton, who swore his Clock went true, whatever the Sun said to the contrary.

The next Ingredient of a Diurnal is Plots, horrible Plots, which with wonderful Sagacity it hunts dry-foot, while they are yet in their Causes, before *Materia prima* can put on her Smock. How many such fits of the Mother have troubled the Kingdom; and for all Sir *W. E.* looks like a Man-Midwife, not yet delivered of so much as a Cushion? But Actors must have Properties; and since the Stages were voted down, the only Play-house is at *Westminster*.

Suitable to their Plots are their Informers, Skippers and Taylors, Spaniels both for the Land and Water. Good conscionable Intelligence! For however *Pym's* Bill may inflame the reckoning, the honest Vermine have not so much for Lying as the Publick Faith.

Thus

Thus a zealous Botcher in *Moorfields*, while he he was contriving some Quirpocut of Church Government, by the help of his outlying Ears and the *Otaconsticon* of the Spirit, discovered such a Plot, that *Selden* intends to combat Antiquity, and maintain it was a Taylor's Goose that preserv'd the Capitol.

I wonder my Lord of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-be-traytor'd, for dealing with the Lions to settle the Commission of Array in the Tower. It would do well to cramp the Articles dormant, besides the opportunity of reforming these Beasts of the Prerogative, and changing their profaner names of *Harry* and *Charles* into *Nebemiah* and *Eleazar*.

Suppose a Corn-cutter being to give little *Isaac* a cast of his Office should fall to paring his Brows (mistaking the one end for the other, because he branches at both) this would be a Plot, and the next Diurnal would furnish you with this Scale of Votes.

Resolv'd upon the Question, That this Act of the Corn-cutter was an absolute Invasion of the Cities Charter in the representative forehead of Isaac.

Resolv'd, That the evil Counsellours about the Corn-cutter are Popishly affected and Enemies to the State.

Re-

Resolv'd, That there be a publick Thank-giving for the great deliverance of Isaac's Brow-antlers; and a solemn Covenant drawn up to defie the Corn cutter and all his Works.

Thus the *Quixots* of this Age fight with the Windmills of their own heads, quell Monsters of their own Creation, make Plots, and then discover them; as who fitter to unkennel the Fox than the Tarrier that is part of him?

In the third place march their Adventures; the Roundheads Legend, the Rebels Romance; Stories of a larger size, than the Ears of their Sect, able to strangle the Belief of a Solifidian.

I'll present them in their order. And first as a Whifler before the show enter *Stamford*, one that trod the Stage with the first, travers'd his ground, made a Leg and *Exit*. The Country people took him for one that by Order of the Houses was to dance a Morrice through the West of *England*. Well, he's a nimble Gentleman; set him upon *Banks* his Horse in a Saddle rampant, and it is a great question which part of the Centaure shows better tricks.

There was a Vote passing to translate him with all his Equipage into Monumental Gingerbread; but it was crossed by the female Committee, alledging that the Valour

four of his Image would bite their Children by the Tongues.

This Cubit and half of Commander, by the help of a Diurnal routed his Enemies fifty miles off. It's strange you'll say, and yet 'tis generally believ'd he would as soon do it at that distance as nearer hand. Sure it was his Sword for which the Weapon-salve was invented; that so wounding and healing (like loving Correlates) might both work at the same removes. But the Squib is run to the end of the Rope: Room for the Prodigy of Valour. Madam *Atropos* in Breeches, *Waller's* Knight-errantry; and because every Mountebank must have his *Zany*, throw him in *Hazlerig* to set off his Story. These two, like *Bel* and the *Dragon*, are always worshipped in the same Chapter; they hunt in couples, what one doth at the head, the other scores up at the heels.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* murder the Psalms with another of the same; one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up as the Saints-Bell.

I wonder for how many Lives my Lord *Hopton* took the Lease of his Body.

First *Stamford* slew him, then *Waller* outkill'd that half a Barr; and yet it is
I thought

thought the sullen Corps would scarce bleed were both these Manslayers never so near it.

The same goes of a Dutch Headsman, that he would do his office with so much ease & dexterity, that the Head after Execution should stand upon the Shoulders. Pray God Sir *William* be not Probationer for the place; for as if he had the like knack too, most of those whom the Diurnal hath slain for him, to us poor Mortals seem untoucht.

Thus these Artificers of death can kill the Man without wounding the Body, like Lightning, that melts the Sword and never singes the Scaberd.

This is the *William* whose Lady is the Conquerour; This is the City's Champion and the Diurnals delight; he that Cuckolds the General in his Commission; for he stalks with *Effex*, and shoots under his belly, because his Excellency himself is not charged there; yet in all this triumph there is a Whip and a Bell; translate but the Scene to *Roundway Down*, there *Hazelrig's* Lobsters turned Crabs and crawled backwards; there poor Sir *William* ran to his Lady for an use of Consolation.

But the Diurnal is weary of the arm of flesh, and now begins an *Hosanna* to *Cromwel*; one that hath beat up his Drums clean through
the

the Old Testament ; you may learn the Genealogy of our Saviour by the names in his Regiment : the Muster-master uses no other List but the first Chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Foreigners, when themselves entertain such an Army of *Hebrews* ? This *Cromwel* is never so valorous as when he is making Speeches for the Association ; which nevertheless he doth somewhat ominously with his Neck awry, holding up his ear as if he expected *Mahomet's* Pigeon to come and prompt him. He should be a Bird of Prey too by his bloody Beak : His Nose is able to try a young Eagle, whether she be lawfully begotten. But all is not Gold that glisters. What we wonder at in the rest of them is natural to him, to kill without Bloodshed ; for the most of his Trophies are in a Church-window, when a Looking-glass would shew him more Superstition. He is so perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced God's in his own Countenance. If he deals with men, 'tis when he takes them napping in an old Monument, then down goes Dust and Ashes, and the stoutest Cavalier is no better. O brave *Oliver* ! Time's Voyder, Sublizer to the Worms, in whom Death, who formerly devoured our Ancestors, now

chews the cud. He said Grace once as if he would have fallen aboard with the Marquess of *Newcastle*; nay and the Diurnal gave you his Bill of fare; but it proved a running banquet, as appears by the Story. Believe him as he whistles to his *Cambridge-Teem* of Committee-men, and he doth wonders. But holy Men, like the holy Language, must be read backwards. They rifle Colleges to promote Learning, and pull down Churches for Edification. But Sacrilege is entail'd upon him. There must be a *Cromwel* for Cathedrals as well as Abbeyes; a secure sin, whose offence carries its pardon in its mouth: for how shall he be hang'd for Church-robbery, that gives himself the benefit of the Clergy?

But for all *Cromwel's* Nose wears the Dominical Letter, compar'd to *Manchester*, he is but like the Vigils to an Holy-day. This, this is the Man of God, so sanctified a Thunderbolt, that *Burroughs* (in a proportionable Blasphemy to his Lord of Hosts) would style him the Archangel giving battel to the Devil.

Indeed as the Angels each of them makes a several Species; so every one of his Soldiers makes a distinct Church. Had these Beasts been to enter into the Ark, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have sorted them

them into pairs. If ever there were a Rope of Sand, it was so many Sects twisted into an Association.

They agree in nothing but that they are all Adamites in understanding. It is a sign of a Coward to wink and fight, yet all their Valour proceeds from their Ignorance.

But I wonder whence their General's purity proceeds; it is not by Traduction: if he was begotten a Saint it was by equivocal Generation; for the Devil in the Father is turn'd Monk in the Son, so his Godliness is of the same Parentage with good Laws, both extracted out of bad manners; and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and say to Corruption, *Thou art my Father.*

This is he that put out one of the Kingdom's Eyes by clouding our Mother-University; and (if this Scotch Mist farther prevail) he will extinguish the other. He hath the like quarrel to both, because both are strung with the same Optick Nerve, Knowing Loyalty.

Barbarous Rebel! who will be reveng'd upon all Learning, because his Treason is beyond the Mercy of the Book.

The Diurnal as yet hath not talk'd much

of his Victories, but there is the more behind ; for the Knight must always beat the Giant, that's resolv'd.

If any thing fall out amiss which cannot be smother'd, the Diurnal hath a help at maw. It is but putting to Sea and taking a Danish Fleet, or brewing it with some success out of *Ireland*, and then it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets that move by the wyre of a Diurnal, as *Brereton* and *Gell*, two of *Mars* his Petty-toes, such snivelling Cowards, that it is a favour to call them so. Was *Brereton* to fight with his Teeth (as in all other things he resembles the Beast) he would have odds of any man at the weapon. O he's a terrible Slaughter-man at a Thanksgiving Dinner ! Had he been cannibal to have eaten those that he vanguard'd, his Gut would have made him valiant.

The greatest wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a Babe of Grace, certainly it is not in his personal, but (as the State-Sophies distinguish) in his Politick Capacity ; regenerate *ab extra* by the Zeal of the House he sate in, as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo* by the Adoption of an Oven.

There is the Woodmonger too, a feeble
Crutch

Crutch to a declining Cause; a new Branch of the old Oak of Reformation.

And now I speak of Reformation, *Vous avez*, Fox the Tinker, the liveliest Emblem of it that may be : for what did this Parliament ever go about to reform, but Tinkerwise, in mending one hole they made Three?

But I have not Ink enough to cure all the Tetters and Ringworms of the State.

I will close up all thus. The Victories of the Rebels are like the Magical Combat of *Apuleius*, who thinking he had slain three of his Enemies, found them at last but a Triumvirate of Bladders. Such, and so empty are the Triumphs of a Diurnal, but so many Impostumated Phancies, so many Bladders of their own blowing.

A Letter sent from a Parliament-Officer at Grantham to Mr. Cleveland in Newark.

S I R,

THough I have no reason to be guilty of much good meaning to your Garriſon ; yet I thought it not unfit to tell you, that on Friday laſt, one *Hill* by name, in

no other condition than my Servant, entered your Ark, and with him of my Monies 133 l. 8 d. This precise Sum I was willing you should know, supposing your Wisdom might own the moneys, though your Honesty could hardly allow the Act: which if so, and that hereafter we shall find it no Sin to violate your Sanctuary, and upon the Audit find the Receipt, we may happily count it a Loan, and not a Loss, it being in hands responsible for greater matters. And now, Sir, let me speak to you as a Judge, not as an Advocate: Give the Fellow his just reward; prefer him, or send him hither and we shall: if you dare not Trust him, let him be Trussed; if you dare, I shall wish you more such Servants; and for that only reason excuse me for the present, that I dare not say I am yours

W. E.

Mr. Cleveland's Reply.

Sixthly, Beloved,

IS it so then, that our Brother and Fellow-labourer in the Gospel is start aside? then this may serve for an use of Instruction, not
to

to trust in Man, nor in the Son of Man. Did not *Demas* leave *Paul*? Did not *Onesimus* run from his Master *Philemon*? Besides, this should teach us to employ our Talent, and not to lay it up in a Napkin. Had it been done among the Cavaliers, it had been just; then the Israelite had spoiled the Egyptian; but for *Simeon* to plunder *Levi*, That! That! You see, Sir, what Use I make of the Doctrine you sent me; and indeed since you change Style so far as to nibble at Wit, you must pardon me, if to quit scores, I pretend a little to the Gift of Preaching. Sir, I expected to hear from you in the Language of the lost Groat, and the Prodigal Son, and not in such a Tattivity of Language; but I perceive your Communication is not always Yea, Yea; now and then a little Harlotry-Rhetorick. You say that your Man is entred our Ark; I am sorry you were so ignorant in Scripture, as to let him come single. The Text had been better satisfied, if you had pleased to bear him company; for then the Beasts had entred by Couples: But though he came alone, yet well lined it seems, with 133 l. 8 d. Sure your Hue and Cry hath good Lungs, it would have been out of breath else, before it had reached the Eight pence. This is the Summ; but why you
call

call it the Precise Summ, since it is thus fallen away, I understand not. But how come you to reckon so punctually? Did *Ananias* tell it upon the Table Dormant? What year of the Persecution of the Saints? I wonder you did not rather count it by the Shekels, that is the more sanctified Coyn. You mistake in the Sanctuary you speak of; for that which your Man hath taken is *Welbeck*, one of our Chappels of Ease, not the Mother-Church, our Garrison of *Newark*; but the best is they are both without the reach of your Sacrilege. Whereas you account your Loss but a Loan, we shall grant it a Debt, but bearing the same Date of Payment with that which you borrowed on the Publick Faith. I suspect your hand was troubled with the Palsie, when you wrote of a Judge; your Man however shall find me an Advocate; for what say you to an occasional Meditation? Reflect but upon your self, how you have used your Common Master, and I doubt not but you will pardon your Man. He hath but transcrib'd Rebellion, and copied out that Disloyalty in Short hand, which you have committed in Text. Sir, I bemoan your Losses, and am sorry I cannot as easily repay that of your Money, as your Man, being resolv'd to supply that place
my

my self; and to make it appear by wearing the Livery of this Title, Sir,

Your Servant

J. C.

The Officer's Rejoynder.

SIR,

HAd not Indulgent Mercy provided for troubled Spirits Sacred Oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive something worthy of Laughter? How easie had the Expençe of your Wit been trussed up in an Egg-shell. I dare not trace in holy Ground, it is not safe nibbling there. You see what Doctrine I make of your Use; but yet so far as yours is Profane give me leave to nibble at Wit. Though I dare not undertake like a mighty Coloss (whose very motion doth Cleave Land, like *Terram findere*) to devour indigested lumps of Wit, as the *Cyclops* Men at a Morfel, and then retail it out, as a Juggler doth inkle, by the Yard; yet allow me to nibble, and I allow you the Gift in Preaching. Pity it

it is the provission of so many savoury Lessons, wholesome Instructions, even so many pious Collections, as might worthily have entituled you to the comfortable Subsistence of a well-bleb'd Vicarage. Besides the Advantage of a Wit, which would require another Wit to tell how great; such a Divine Knowledge, as might enable you to profane every Leaf of Holy Writ; Unknown Sanctity, and a Conscience so tender I dare not touch. Pity it is such accomplish'd Gifts and prodigious Parts should be misemploy'd in Secular affairs. Such an Holy Father might have begot as many Babes for the Mother-Church of *Newark*, as our Party of late hath done *Garrisons*, and converted as many Souls as *Chancer's* Friar with the Shoulder-bone of the lost Sheep. But you say you expected (I thought you had had more than you expected) but however you expected Penitential Language and Humble Style, (the Groat I will not meddle with, 'tis Holy Coyn) an Address full of Complaints; Sir, we, like your selves, can speak big of our Losses, and yet with more Ingenuity confess them; though I for modesty will not ask you who stole from you of late a *Fort-town*? or who run away with the *King*? But of that—— For that precise
Summ,

Summ, I see you are willing to quarrel at Preciseness; it was to tell you, Revenge would have transferr'd it upon your very—— How you quarrel at your good! Had you mistaken him for a Tax-gatherer, and eased him of his Portage before he arriv'd at your Chappel of Ease, I would not you should have abated him a fourth part for his Forwardness, and put it upon the File of Contribution for his Majestie's good Garrison of *Newark*; I should have liked the Security well, and when your Works had fail'd to save you, expected a return upon the Publick Faith; the Meditation whereof putteth me upon this Advice: Think not Prophaneness can compact with Mud, to cast up a Trench of Security, Attempt not (though a Giant) to reach at Stars; to throw that Proverb at you,

Be wise on this side Heaven.

Mr. Cleveland's Answer.

S I R,

THE Philosopher that never laughed but once, when he saw an Ass mumbling of Thistles, would have broke his Spleen at

at this Rejoynder of yours; for who would not take that to be an Emblem of this, observing how gingerly and with what caution you nibble at my Letter, lest it should prick your Chops? But something must needs be replied: Repetitions are usual with the Saints at *Grantham*. I look upon your Letter as a *Spittle-Sermon*; *Salinger's Round*, the same again. I perceive your Ambition how you would prove your self to be a clean beast, because you know how to chew the Cud; for the first Sentence where you speak of troubled Spirits and sacred Oracles, you talk as if you were in *Doll Commons* Extasie. Certainly your spirit is troubled, else your Expression had not run so muddy; for never was Oracle more ambiguous, if possible to be reconciled to Sense. The Wit which you say may be truss'd up in an Egg-shell, I fear your Oval Crown hath scarce Capacity enough to contain: you disclaim being a Coloss; Content; I have as diminutive thoughts of you as you please. I take you for a Jack-a-Lent, and my Pen shall make use of you accordingly, three Throws for a penny. But you cannot Cleave Land like *Terram findere*. What a chargeable Commodity is Wit at *Grantham*, where the poor Writer plays the Pimp, and jumbles two Languages together

ther in unlawful Sheets for the Production of a Quibble: but I applaud your Cunning, for the more unknown Tongue you jest in, your wit will be the better. And why cannot you Cleave the Land? Tread but hard, and your cloven Foot will leave its Impression. You talk of *Cyclops* & Jugglers (indeed hard words are the Juggler's Dialect:) But take heed, the time may come, when unless you can play *Presto* be gone, your Run-away King may cause you Juggler-wise to disgorge your Fate, and vomit a Rope instead of Inkle. But to Eccho your Comparison, and to return you an Inventory of your good Parts. Is it not pity that the pure Extract of sanctified *Emmanuel*, parboil'd there in the Pipkin of Predestination, and since well read in the Sick-man's Salve and the Crums of Comfort, and liberally fed with all the Minced Meat in Divinity? Is it not pity such a Goggle of the Eye, such a melodious Twang of the Nose, a pliable Mouth drawn awry, as if it were edifying the Ear in private, besides Cheverel-Lungs that will stretch as far as Seventeenthly? Is it not pity that these gallant Ingredients of Modern Devotion, which might justly have qualified you for a Tub Lecturer, and in time made your Diocess as large as that of *Heidelberg*; that these

these ineffable Parts which pass all understanding, should thus be sequestred from their Primitive Use, and of a godly Lanfresado in the Church Militant be converted to a Brother of the Blade. Such a walking Directory, such a zealous *Roger* as this might have saved more Souls than *Sampson* slew, and with the same Engine, the Jaw-bone of an Ass. Your Pen is coy, and you wave the Holy Ground and Holy Coyn with a squeamish Preterition. I am glad to hear you acknowledge there is Holy Ground; for then I hope *Hatcham-Barn* is not as good a Congregation as *St. Paul's*. For the Holy Coyn, you must pardon me if I suspect the Chastity of your Fingers. I am sure those of your Party have been troubled with Felons; witness the Church-Revenues, and the several Sacrileges which cannot be par'd off with your Nails: But there is another Reason why you abstain from the Idiom of the Saints. You were in hopes to retrieve your Money, and Verily, Verily Ret never springs the Partridge. You would have your Man taken for a Tax-gatherer. Lord how the Clime alters the Man! When he was with you he was one of the Scribes and Pharisees, and here he must pass for a Publican and Sinner. Sir, We cast up no Trench of Security, though

though we might have Dirt enough in your Language to do it; and yet we hope to be saved by our Works, for all the strength of your Faith, whereby you hold your selves able to remove Mountains. For your Advice not to throw Stars at your head, I embrace it; for what need I, so long as there is Goose-shot to be had for Money. My Wit shall be on what side Heaven you please, provided it ever be Antartick to yours. For the appellation of Giant, I accept it, only I am sorry I am not he with the hundred hands, that I might so often subscribe my self,

SIR,

Your Servant

J. C.

K

An

An Answer to a Pamphlet written against the Lord Digby's Speech, concerning the Death of the Earl of Strafford.

TIS the wittiest Punishment that the Poets phancied to be in Hell, that one should continually twist a Rope, and an Als stand by and bite it off. I know not how this Noble Gentleman should ever deserve it, but such is his Fate; for while the Pamphleter strives to tear his Speech, to Ravel this Twist of Eloquence and Judgement, what doth he but make my Lord and himself the Moral of the Fable? The first word in his Penny libel is ominous for a Duel. The Sand was always the Scene of Quarrelling, and so he calls the Speech. If this be Sand, I shall easily incline to *Democritus* his Opinion, who thought the World to be compos'd of Atoms, and shall be able to render a reason hereafter, why *Jupiter*, when he was most Oraculous, was called *Jupiter Ammon*, *Jupiter of the Sand*: but as *Thomas Mason* says, am I bound to find you Wit and History? Why the Sand? The Sand, that is, the Incoherent. You shall never tak a
Pam-

Pamphleter, one of these Haberdashers of small Wares, without his *Videlicets* or his *Utpotes*. An ingenious Metaphor needs no spokes-man to the Apprehension, but is entertain'd without a pimping *Videlicet*. A *Videlicet* is an *Hic Canis*; it argues a Bungling Writer, as that a Painter. But wherein Incoherent? Because it shows wherein the same Man may both condemn and acquit the same Man. Why, is that such a Riddle? May not I commend you for a Single-soul'd Rythmer, one that can Chime All-in to an Execution, and yet use the Scotch Proverb, and turn your Nose where your Arse was in point of State-policy. Though you have a pretty Faculty in Country-Tom and Cambery-Bess, yet faces about in State-affairs. A diverse *Quatenus* commends and vilifies, condemns and acquits. But a Pox of all English Logick. He hath found *Idem qua idem* somewhere Translated, and that's it which raises all this Dust, disturbs the Sand. Well, grant it be Sand; what becomes on't? Why, Captain Puff will blow it away. My Adversary, I perceive, has eaten Garlick, and wholly relies upon the Valour of his Breath; and indeed I question not the strength of that, I find it sufficiently in the Rankness of his Language. Certainly he

hath a great mind to be painted like *Boreas* in the great Ship, with that ingenious Impress, *Sic Flo.* But, hark you Gaffer; you that will tear the Speech and blow away the Sand; before you and I part, I shall so prick the Tympany of your Cheeks, and so mince your Pamphlet, that the least Sand shall be a Grave sufficient for the biggest piece of it. But, see the Prowess of our *Domitian*; hee'll kill this Fly himself, and not with an Axe, or a Bill of Attainder. He scorns to cry Clubs; hee'll not oppugn it with the Votes of the Houses, with the Judges Opinions; nor are we so mad to enter the Lists of such a Comparison. But this is but one of his ordinary Solecisms. The Speech must be consider'd as when first made; then the Houses had not Voted; then the Judges had not determined, and (what's as Material as any thing) the Rabble had not yell'd for Justice and Execution then; and therefore to commit them with this Speech, what were it but to phancy a *Prolepsis*? to antedate Combatants that were not yet in being? so that if any thing add to the strength of the Speech, beside its own Nerves, it is the weakness of the Confuter, not of the Reader. I make no question but your Reader is quit with you for that Abuse. You

say

say, My Lord steals his Affection; I dare
 purge you of that Felony: Marry, if you
 will needs cry Guilty, it cannot amount
 to above Petty Larceny; so much as may
 ask the Banns betwixt your Shoulders and
 a piece of Pack-thread: for whereas you
 damn my Lord's Arguments to the Hospi-
 tal; I am sure yours stand in need of *Bed-*
lam, and the wholesom Phlebotomy of a
 Whip, to fetch the Dog-days out of your
 Scull; and so, though you stand like Death
 over the Belfrey, with a great Scythe, com-
 paring the Speech to Grass, the Event will
 disarm you of your Utensil; and in stead
 of a Scythe for Mowing, give you a Whet-
 stone for Lying. Hitherto he hath been
 Tuning the strings, now he strikes up.
 Pray you mark the Lesson. *Will you see*
an Argument of this Paper, and indeed a Pa-
per-Argument? Did you ever hear the
 Changes better rung upon two Bells? I
 am perswaded the Author would dance
 well upon the Ropes, he keeps himself so
 equally poiz'd. Heads and Points; *the*
Argument of the Paper, the Paper-Argu-
ment. Well, score up one in the Column
 of Quibbles. The Argument that he runs
 division upon is this: *It doth not appear to him*
by two Testimonies, that the Irish Army was to
be brought over to reduce this Kingdom;

Therefore the Earl of Strafford is not guilty of High Treason. Now he breaks the neck of this Ergo thus: If three or four other Treasons be objected and prov'd, though they be at a loss in one, this doth not straight evince his Innocence. To this Belief he will draw you (as he says) by a Comparison. Let him put himself in his Geers. Let him play his Tricks of Fast and loose. In the Interim thus I gird up his tedious *Quemadmodum*. If one be tyed with three or four Cords, he is not at liberty, though one of them be loos'd, as being still bound with the rest. Even as, Even so. Philip writing to the Spartans, prefac'd every Sentence with *If, If, If*; they studying their Laconical Brevity, and denying the Contents of the Letter, returned nothing but the same Monasyllable. The Objection runs in Philip's fashion. *If*, is the Position of every Line; and I know not but the Answer may be as apposite. If three or four Treasons be prov'd; if he be tyed with three or four Cords; but if those Treasons prove but Misdemeanours, if those Cables be but Threads; if *Sampson* that was bound with them have twitch'd them in pieces; then I must say your Cords come in very unseasonably, unless it be to put you in mind of your Mortality. But he doubles

doubles his Files. Faults in this Paper (he saith) go not alone; that's the Reason he bears the Author company to the end of his Speech; that if there be any Faults, his Answer may match them with Twin-brothers. *Though this Reducing the Kingdom by an Irish Army be not prov'd by Retail, yet 'tis Treason in the Lump. Rip but up the bowels of a former Testimony and there you shall find it. His Majesty is absolv'd from all Rules of Government and may do what Power will admit.* So ho! whither now? My Task is to justify the Speech in what it Treats, not to declame the Question at large. This is not to confute his Speech, but his Conscience that would not be convicted. I am not tyed to follow you in your Wildgoose-chase; yet I am so confident (whether of the strength of the Cause or your Weakness, I say not) that I wish you and I might plead it on a Pillory, and he that lost the day pay Ear-rent for us both. But there is danger in following an *Ignis Fatuus* whither it will lead you, especially when he makes up at the Throat of Majesty. He sees that Power will admit the use of an Irish Army, or any other which that Power can purchase. A Suspicion which deserves to be answer'd with a Thunderbolt; but 'tis out of fashion;

and I am afraid I shall be laughed at, if I speak any thing in defence of the King: yet (thanks be to God) there's no great need on't. His Majesty's Vertues are his strongest Guard. A King, like a Porcupine, is a living Quiver of Darts ; every Beam of Majesty is a *Fulmen Terebrans* to his Blaspheming Enemies. My Fellow-traveller stept aside a little to give his Brain a Stool, and now is return'd into the Road, *His Lordship*, he says, *multiplies and is fruitful in Absurdities*. 'Tis true by an equivocal Generation ; for so he begat your Pamphlet, meeting with the putrid Matter of your Invention, as the Sun produceth Insect Animals. The Absurdity is, *he hath no Notion of Subverting the Law Treasonable, but by Force* ; and here we must score up the second Quibble, for then (he says) *This Argument will never subvert the Law, as having no Force*. Truly I am of a mind, that if my Antagonist were both to Dispute and Answer himself, he would have the best on't, and that's the Course he takes here. He frames an Argument where none is intended. His Lordship says he knows no other, nay and there is no other ; but he doth not infer the latter from the former, therefore there is no other, because he knows no other ;

so

so that this is a Brat of your own Brain, not drawn from his Lordship's Ignorance (as your scandalous quill foam'd at the mouth) but from your own Impudence; and if it halt (as you say) it confesses its Father, it halts before a Creeple. You do well therefore to let Nature work to help your lame Dog over a Stile, to cast it, as you conceive, in a right Frame. *There is no way of Subverting the Law but what I know; but I know no way of Subverting the Law but by force.* You would be loath a man should say this is no Syllogism; and yet 'tis true. There's no Figure will give it a Tenement to hide its head in. I could give you a Remove now and set you upright; but I had rather you should take it asunder, and my Lord and you part Stakes; part Propositions; He the *Major*, you the *Minor*, because in the first you say there is so much Knowledge, in the latter so much Ignorance. You see you are in a Bog; but I will throw my Cloak about you and dance you out; for lo, a most Eloquent *Si quis* in quest of the Author of our Tenement. *Who says this? I, it some ancient Judge?* No, I thank you as the Case goes; *Or is it one that looks more into the Court than the Inns of Court?* I perceive I must count Quibbles as they do Fish; thou art three; there

there he bounceth out with his *Σεννα* [*A Young Gentleman knows not the Law.*] I do not wonder you writ it in other Characters; for 'tis a most acute Apothegm, (though I say it that should not say it) and such an one as may well beseem the Rump-end of *Licosthenes* at the next Impression. But he makes a Transition from Common Law to Common Reason, and he hopes to be scored up for that Quarter-Quibble, but I cannot afford it. *If nothing but Force can subvert Law, then Judges when they pronounce false Judgments, stop lawful Defences, let loose the Prerogative, and all that Rout of Instances which he hath rallied up, do not subvert the Law.* Well, to do you a Courtesie, they do not. 'Tis one thing to stop a Pipe, to cut an Aqueduct and divert a Conveyance, and another to spoil a Spring-head. The Law in this Case suffers a *Deliquium*, but she is not dead. The Subversion of Laws is Root and Branch. A Castle may be dismantled, made unserviceable, and yet 'tis not said then to be quite overthrown. When you usurp'd the Chair of Logick and made a false Syllogism, were the Laws of Logick then subverted? No, but Trangress'd; so that if our Author suffer by Injustice (as I hope you are more Historian than Prophet) he will

will not involve the Laws in his Ruine. Your *Apoſtrophe* to *Treſſilian* is a true *Apoſtrophe*, for 'tis from the Cause; for will ye introduce a Parity in Offences too? Scan the Cases and you ſhall find them di-
 verſe. But give me lieve by the way to admire your Phraſe of the *Iron Laws*. 'Tis a good Argument to me that there is no Alchymy, otherwiſe the Corruption of ſo many Judges, by this time had turn'd them into Gold: but my Lord muſt Diſpute again. Do you carry the Knapsack of his Arguments? My Lord hath a fine time on't, that you ſhould feed him thus with a Spoon? 'Tis thus; *The Earl of Straſford's Praſtices have been as high as any. The Praſtices of Treſſilian have been as high as High Treason.* I wonder where you got all this Logick; at *Furnival's Inn*? But I know the Reason of it, becauſe *Plutarch* attributes Logick to a Fox, and King *James* maintains Diſcourſe in a Hound, that's it which puts you upon Sillogiſms. You would be loath to come ſhort of any of your Fellows. For the words of the *Major* (which are only my Lord's, and which indeed I had as lieve he ſhould juſtifie as I) you muſt know they are a Compariſon: now Compariſons are betwixt things of the ſame kind: *As high as any*, that is, in the
 rank

rank of Misdemeanours. The Painter, when his Picture would not sell for a God, made a special Devil of it, and so he vented it. Though my Lord cannot yield that the Earl of *Strafford's* Practices should be sublimated into Treason; yet place them in the front of any lower Offences, and it seems he will pass it. This Similitude of mine doth not run of all four, no more must you think of that, *As high as any*. But to make few words; suppose I should grant you your Conclusion, that the Earl of *Strafford's* Practices were as high as Treason, yet if they be not specified by Statute for Treason, my Lord doth justly abstain his hand from his Dispatch. You ask how these words should sound in the mouth of a Judge. Truly I have not the measure of your Ears, they are of too large a size for me. I being a Judge hold your Guilt to be as high as Treason, yet having no Law to give me Commission, I'll have no hand in your Sentence: So that supposing all Cases to be like this, I grant you the Affizes would be in vain; the Judges Circuit would be like the wheeling of a Mill, move continually, but never nearer their Journey's end: but when the Law hath provided sufficiently, unless in a Case as this, Extraordinary, the Vanity and
Mockery

Mockery which you speak of recoils upon him that first discharged them. For your last, where you would have Sir *Henry Vane's* Oath to be prefer'd before my Lord's Suspicion, I would willingly answer as he did with Meditation; at the first time nothing, as much at the second, and at the third *Vous avez* Sir *Henry Vane*. You say his Oath gets an addition of Belief from the Speeches before and from the Memorials that day; so that you imply what I dare not say, that it is not full of it self, but wants a Supplement of Credit to gain our Faith. As for the words Recorded whencesoever they had their Venom, it seems they were poyson'd; (for to that, and not to their Pregnancy do I attribute it) that they swell'd into such a bigness, that one Testimony appear'd double: But that you should entitle Mr. *Pim* to this Mistake, that he should look through a Multiplying Glass in a Case so weighty as that of Treason; the Gentleman's known Integrity saves me the labour of his Defence. So that the Testimonies being but such, though the Charges be many; be the Earl of *Strafford* as high in his Practices as it pleases my Lord to make him, yet my Lord's Disphong may easily be justified, and the Earl both at once Condemn'd and Sav'd.

Thus

Thus I have entreated Patience of my self to Counterpuff your Pamphlet, when by the help of a Penny-worth of Pears, I could (more suitably to your Defects) have confuted you backward. But I did it in hopes that you would muzzle your self hereafter; for though your Teeth be hollow and cannot Bite, yet wanting Cloves they may Infect.

*To the Protector after long and vile
Durance in Prison.*

May it please Your Highness;

Rulers within the Circle of their Government have a Claim to that which is said of the Deity; they have their Center every where, and their Circumference no where. It is in this Confidence that I address to your Highness, knowing that no place in the Nation is so remote, as not to share in the Ubiquity of your Care; no Prison so close as to shut me up from partaking of your Influence. My Lord, it is my Misfortune, that after ten years Retirement from being engaged in the Differences of the State, having wound up
my

my self in private Recess, and my Comportment to the Publick so inoffensive, that in all this time, neither Fears nor Jealousies have scrupled at my Actions. Being about three Months since at *Normich*, I was fetch'd by a Guard before the Commissioners, and sent Prisoner to *Tarmouth*, and if it be not a new offence to make an enquiry wherein I offended (for hitherto my Fault was kept as close as my Person) I am induced to believe that next to my adherence to the Royal Party, the Cause of my Confinement is the Narrowness of my Estate; for none stand Committed whose Estate can bail them. I only am the Prisoner who have no Acres to be my Hostage. Now if my Poverty be Criminal (with Reverence be it spoken) I implead your Highness, whose Victorious Arms have reduced me to it, as Accessary to my Guilt. Let it suffice, my Lord, that the Calamity of the War hath made us poor, do not punish us for it. Who ever did Penance for being Ravish'd? Is it not enough that we are stripp'd so bare, but it must be made in order to a severer Lash? Must our Sores be engraven with our Wounds? Must we first be made Creeplees, and then beaten with our own Crutches? Poverty, if it be a Fault 'tis its own Punishment, who pays more for it,

pays

pays use upon use. I beseech your Highness put some Bounds to the Overthrow, and do not pursue the chase to the other World. Can your Thunder be levell'd so low, as our Groveling Condition? Can your Towering Spirit, which hath quarried upon Kingdoms, make a stoop at us, who are the Rubbish of these Ruines. Methinks I hear your former Achievements interceding with you, not to sully your Glories with trampling upon the prostrate, nor clog the Wheel of your Chariot with so degenerate a Triumph. The most renowned *Hero's* have ever with such Tenderness cherished their Captives, that their Swords did but cut out work for their Courtesies. Those that fell by their Prowess sprung by their Favour, as if they had struck them down only to make them rebound the higher. I hope your Highness, as you are the Rival of their Fame, will be no less of their Virtues. The Noblest Trophie that you can erect to your Honour is to raise the Afflicted; and since you have subdned all Opposition, it now remains that you attack your self, and with Acts of Mildness vanquish your Victory. It is not long since, my Lord, that you knock'd off the Shackles from most of our Party, and by a grand Release did spread your Clemency as far as
your

your Territories. Let not new Prescriptions interrupt your Jubilee. Let not that your Lenity be slandered as the Ambush of your farther Rigour. For the Service of his Majesty (if it be objected) I am so far from excusing it, that I am ready to alledge it in my Vindication. I cannot conceit that my Fidelity to my Prince should taint me in your Opinion, I should rather expect it should recommend me to your Favour. Had we not been Faithful to our King, we could not have given our selves to be so to your Highness ; you had then trusted us *gratis*, whereas now we have our former Loyalty to vouch us. You see my Lord, how much I presume upon the Greatness of your Spirit, that dare prevent my Indictment with so frank a Confession, especially in this which I may so safely deny, that it is almost Arrogancy in me to own it : for the Truth is, I was not qualified enough to serve Him ; all I could do was to bear a part in his Sufferings, and to give my self to be Crushed with his Fall. Thus my Charge is doubled ; my Obedience to my Sovereign, and what is the Result of that, my want of Fortune. Now whatever reflection I have upon the former, I am a true Penitent for the latter. My Lord, you see my Crimes ; as to my defence

L

fence, you bear it about you. I shall plead nothing in my Justification, but your Highness's Clemency, which as it is the constant Inmate of a valiant Breast, if you graciously be pleased to extend it to your Suppliant in taking me out of this withering Durance, your Highness will find, that Mercy will establish you more than Power, though all the days of your Life, were as pregnant with Victories as your twice auspicious third of September.

Your Highness's

Humble and Submissive

Petitioner

J. C.

To the Earl of Newcastle.

THough to Command and Obey be the fittest Dialogue betwixt you and us; yet since your Lordship pleases to descend from your Right and only to Request, pardon us, if, by your Example, we intrench upon you, and presume upon an Answer.

Answer. Sir, We are sorry our Duty is not phras'd in Action, nor can we determine, whether it was more grateful to us, that you requir'd our Service, or grievous, that at this time we could not express it; for no sooner were we inform'd of your pleasure, but so obligatory is your Will, that poyssing your Letters with our Laws, we thought our Statutes were at Civil Wars. The College, like an Indulgent Mother, Entails her Preferments on her own Progeny. Your Lordship prefers a stranger, whom to Adopt were not only to Bastard her present Issue, but disinherit all succeeding hopes. If it seem a Delinquency to be thus tender of her own, she will intitle her offence to your Lordship, who when you honour'd her with your Admission, taught her to set a greater price upon her Children. Thus hoping you will abstract our Will from our Power, we honour your Lordship, desiring that occasion may present us with some service, whose difficulty may add a deeper Dye to the Observance of

The Master

and Fellows of

To the Earl of Holland, then Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

Right Honourable,

YOU have rais'd us to that height by writing unto us, that we dare attempt an Answer; in which Presumption, if we have dishonoured your Lordship, you must blame your own Gentleness, like the Sun, who if he be mask'd with Clouds, may thank himself who drew up the Exhalations. Sir, they that assign Tutelar Angels, betroath them not only to Kingdoms and Cities, but to each Company. Your Goodness hovers not aloft in a general care of the University, but stoops by a peculiar Influence to every private College. That Omnipresence which Philosophy allots to the Soul, to be every where at once through the whole Man, your Noble Diligence exemplifies in us. There is not the least Joynt of our Body, but in its Life and Spirits confesses the Chancellor. Nor have we in special the least share of your Favours, as appears by many pregnant Demonstrations of your Love; among which

which this is not the meanest, that you would deign to require our Service. To offend against so Gracious a Patron, would add a Tincture to our Disobedience; yet such is the Iniquity of our Condition, that we are forced to defer our Gratitude. We have many in the College, whose Fortunes were at the last Gasp; and if not now reliev'd, their hopes extinct: Whereas he whom your Lordship commends, gives us farther day of Payment by his green years. He is yet but young, but the Beams of your Favour will ripen him the sooner for the like Preferment; which if it please your Lordship to antedate by a present Acceptance of our future Obedience, We shall gladly persevere in our old Title of.

To the Earl of Westmorland.

My Lord,

IT were high Presumption in me not to be proud of this Occasion; and I should be no less than a Rebel to Eloquence, if your Lines you sent me had not rais'd me above my ordinary Level; so that to express my Gratitude, I must renounce my Humility, and purchase one Virtue at the

price of another. And well may my Modesty suffer in the Service, when my Reason it self is overwhelmed with the Favour. To see a Person of your Lordship's Eminency possess'd of Nobility by a double Tenure, both of Birth and Brain, so to bend his Greatness as to stoop to me, who live in the Vale both of Parts and Fortune, is so high an Honour, that who justly considers it, if he be not stupidly senseless, will be stupid with Ecstasie. I, for my part, am lost in Amazement, and it is mine Interest to be so ; for not knowing otherwise how to give your Present a fit Reception, it is the best of my play to be beside my self in the Action. You see, my Lord, how I empty my self of my Native Faculty to be ready for those of your Inspirings, as the Prophets of old in a Sacred Fury ran out of their Wits to make room for the Deity. I shall not need hereafter to digest my Love-passions, I shall speak by Instinct: for when your Honour deign'd to visit me with your Lofty Numbers, what was it else but to make me the Priest of your Lordship's Oracle? Such is the Strength and Spirit of your Phancy, that methought your Poems (like the Richest Wine) sent forth a Steam at the opening. What flowed from your Brain fum'd into
mine.

mine. It was almost impossible to read your Lines and be sober. You, You, my Lord, are the Favourite of the Muses. Your Strain is so happy and hath the Reputation for so Matchless, as if you had a double Key to the Temple of Honour to let in your Lordship's self and exclude Competitors. It's you, my Lord, have cut the Clouds and reach'd Perfection, who having mounted the Cliff, lends an hand to me, who am labouring in the Craggy Ascent. So towring are the Praises you please to bestow on me, and my Desert so groveling, that to shew you my Head is not worthy your Height, it is not able to bear them; it grows giddy with the Precipice. It pains me to be on the Last of an *Hyperbole*; you do but crucifie my tender Merits, to distend them thus at length and breadth. Consider, I pray you, that the Leanest Endowments would be plump and full, thus blown up with a Quill; and that there are some so Dwarfish whom the Rack will not stretch to a proper Man. It is an excellent Breathing for a puissant Wit to overbear the World in the Defence of a Paradox; and a good Advocate will weather out the Cause, when there is neither Truth nor Invention. I perswade my self you had never undertaken to write my

Panegyrick, but that you saw it was to combat with the Tide, and to put your Abilities to the utmost Test in so unlikely a Subject. Little do you think what store of Opposers your Opinion will breed you; for though you be so powerful in the Art of perswasion, that should you turn Apostate, there would need no more but to Towl the Bell for Religion, yet this is an Heresie where you stand alone, and like *Scæva* in the Breach, with your single Valour duel an Army. Now, my Lord, if I be not mistaken, I have found the Motive that induced you to oblige me; you are tyed by your Order to give Protection to the Weak and Succourless; so I must change my Addresses, and thank your Red Ribband for my Commendations. Such, and so many are the Flowers of Rhetorick you have heap'd upon me, that I run the hazard of the Olympick Victor, who was stifled with Posies cast upon him in approbation of his Worth; which Fragrant Fate, if I should sustain, what is there more to make me enamour'd of Death, but that the same Flowers should straw my Corps in a Funeral Oration? Could you think (my Lord) that your suppressing your Name was able to conceal you, when it is easie to wind you by your Phrase? The
Sweetness

Sweetness of the Language discover'd the Author, like that Roman Senator, who hiding himself in time of Proscription, his Perfumes betray'd him. But I shall not arrest your Lordship too far with a farther Interruption. My Lord, you have Ennobled me with your Testimony, and I shall keep your Paper as the *Diploma* of my Honour. Yet give me lieve to tell you, that among all the Epithets you pile so Artificially to raise my Fame, there is one wanting to accomplish my Ambition, and that which I beseech your Lordship I may enjoy for the future; that is, to be esteem'd

SIR,

Your Honour's &c.

John Cleveland,

A Letter to a Friend dissuading him from his Attempt to Marry a Nun.

THough no man's Arms can be opened wider to receive you on shore and give you possession of his Breast; yet

I know not whether with the usual Complement I may welcome you home, as doubting your Countrey may have Mew'd that Relation in so long an Absence; she having expos'd her Noble Issue, being Conviction enough to make you disclaim her. Besides there is such a new Face of things since your Departure, that what was formerly the Character of the Inhabitants, is now the Kingdom's, To be a Stranger at home: Insomuch as were you design'd for a second Journey, it might be a part of your business to travel other Countries in quest of your own. Indeed she is such an Alien in her Look that most of her Offspring dare not ask her Blessing. Her Countenance is not Denizen of her self: you would think she were some Floating Island, that had made a voyage only to Truck for an outlandish Visage. Some who have spell'd her Lineaments say she Copies out the Dutch, and to make good the Parallel they doubt not to instance in our *Hogen* Governours. It is in a broken Kingdom as in a crack'd Looking-glass, where in stead of one Face, that Monarch-like should represent the whole, you may have Variety of lesser ones glimmering in its room, and the Aspects of all of them fierce and frowning. Well then a Foraigner she

she is and her Complexion borrow'd ; so
 that as as our new Philosophers would
 have the Earth to move and the Heavens
 to stand still, the same may be said of this
 State of ours, and the Royal Train that
 you were part of. It was the Kingdom
 wandered, not you that left it. You are fix'd
 and *England* in *Exile*. When a Country reels
 from its settled posture, there is no De-
 fection in him that quits it, it having first
 abandoned it self. In this case, though it
 be a Fallacy in the sense, it holds good in
 Reason, that the Shore moves and falls off
 from the Sayler ; whence you see, Sir,
 there is some possibility I might reverse
 your Travels, were it not for one Argu-
 ment which abundantly confirms them,
 The sage Experience you have Treasur'd
 up in your Observations ; for no sooner
 had you lost your Native Soil ; but by way
 of Reprisal you took in others. The Do-
 minions you visit you carry along with
 you, and by a Victorious Industry make
 them pay Tribute to your Understanding.
 Not like a number of our Roaring Gallants,
 who return so empty and without their
 Errand, as if their Travel (like Witches
 in the Air) were nothing but the Wastage
 of a deluded Phantasie, perswading them-
 selves that they Circle the Globe, when
 the

the Card they sail by is nothing else but a slumbring Imposture. But methinks we are too Grave, Sir. What if we unbend a while, and presume to tell you, that in all your Errantry there is no Adventure so much affects me, as that of the Nun, where I cannot determine, whether your Love it self were more Exotick, or the form of accosting it : For although it be natural for Jealousie to study Fornication,, and every Cuckold within his own Precincts to be an Engineer ; yet never before have I heard of a Mistress fenc'd with a Portcullice, or an amorous Visit manag'd with the Caution which suspicious Kings use in an Enterview. This manner of Greeting may not unfitly be termed *Cupid's Barriers* ; a breathing Exercise, rather than a Combat, where the Sporting Champions have a Rail to part them, that they may not fight it out to the uttermost. Had your old Romancing Spirit possess'd you, the Brandish'd Blade would have freed the Lady from her Enchanted Durance. Nor had you been less concern'd in the Rescue than the Fair Recluse ; for who that blows short in expectation of his Love, and in the Heat of Impatience, should be severed from his Hopes by a few envious Barrs, would not feel himself (like another

ther St. *Laurence*) broil'd on a Gridiron ?
 But see how Customs vary with the Clime.
 As there are some Regions who salute one
 another by putting off their Shooes instead
 of their Hats ; so it seems, where you have
 been, there is as different a form of Imprisonment, or Commitment. The Prisoner
 is at large and without the Grates, wishing
 for Admittance, and she at whose Suit his
 Soul is arrested, close clap'd up and abridg'd
 of Liberty. Sure at this Grate those Chri-
 som Lovers, call'd Platonicks, had their
 first Training. Those Queasie Gamesters
 that diet themselves with the very Notion
 of Mingling Souls, without putting the
 Body to farther Brokage than kissing of
 Hands and twisting of Eye-beams. For
 your part, Sir, you are none of those puling
 Stomachs : You have an Appetite for a
 whole Cloister. It is but Trifling sport
 for you to pull down an Out-lyer, unless
 you leap the Pale and let slip at the Herd.
 I wonder what Exorcisms the Abbess us'd
 to get quit of the *Incubus* ; for had she
 not check'd your Hovering Temptations,
 I am confident by this time you had trans-
 form'd the Covent, and turn'd the Nun-
 nery into a *Seraglio*. But in sober Sadness,
 why a Nun, Sir ? How came you out of
 the Active Torrent into that Solitary
 Creek ?

Creek? Princes seldom Treat of Matches, but in foraign Dominions. Your Affection takes greater State, as fixing upon one of another World. Had your Passion been Centred on the Beauty of her Soul, I had look'd upon it as the Act of your Conversion. Such a Love might justly have been Christned by the name of Zeal, being settled on a Person, with whom to be enamour'd is in a sort to take Orders. Hence it is there want not some who suspect your Religion, lest equivocating from the Beauty of her Person to that of her Profession, you should turn Monastick. Others, who are better acquainted with the warmth of your Temper, are rather solicitous for the Church in General, lest with *Luther* you should marry a Nun, and so with him make her a Joynture in a new Religion. If this be your Plot, Consider, I pray you, how difficult it is to Innovate farther in this Age of Novelties, when the World is so spent in new Inventions, that for want of Gain, even Rust and Rottenness are flourished over with a seeming Verdure. Not one of all those Beldam-Heresies that did Penance formerly by the Doom of the Ancients, but hath cast her Skin since these Confusions, and giveth her self out for a Blooming Virgin. But I think I may spare
this

this piece of Counsel, I dare be your Com-
 purgator for meddling with Religion.
 That which fir'd your Spirits was the Am-
 bition of the Enterprize; nor could you
 entertain a more Aspiring Phrensie, but by
 making Love to a Glorified Body. Tell
 me, I pray you, how many Beads did you
 drop in Wooing? By what Liturgy did
 you frame your Courtship? Laick Appli-
 cations are here scandalous; nor will it a-
 vail to say, you languish without her Com-
 passion. A Sensual Man is able to vitiate
 the Vestal Flame, even by his Martyrdom;
 other Lovers in the Jollity of their Trope
 are wont to Canonize their Mistresses, as
 being of opinion that the Native Rubrick
 of their Cheeks hath hallowed them. Will
 you run Counter to that Consecration and
 degrade a Saint by Mortal Addresses? If
 you have no room in your Calendar for
 Persons upon Earth, yet do not profane a
 Probationer of Heaven; as if the readi-
 est way to rectifie Superstition, were, with
 our Modern Reformers, to bow it into A-
 theism. Let me advise you, Sir, to re-
 trieve your self back from this Carnal Sa-
 crilege. Catch not at *Herostatus* his Fame
 by setting fire on the Temple, and dispute
 not a share of Guilt with *Lucifer*, in caus-
 ing a second Fall of Angels. Nay, never
 start,

Start, Sir, nor look about at the Expression: for I perswade my self, that those Divines who allot to each of us a Tutelar Angel for our Protection, would not prejudice their Opinion, should they leave her to her own Tuition, as hardly knowing in such a Person how to distinguish between the Charge and the Guardian. Sir, I was entreated by our Noble Friend, that what my Phancy suggested upon this Subject, I would mould into Number; but I must beg your pardon, it being a Request with which to comply were to be your Fellow-criminal, and by a Conformity of Guilt pervert a Votary: for even my Muse is Vow'd and Vail'd too, she is set apart for the Service of my Mistress, and what is that but entring Orders in the true Religion. The Truth is this; she is so chastely confin'd to that sole Employment; that should I in Verse attempt to yield you an account how much I honour you, not a whole Grove of Laurel would bribe her to a Distich: whereas in Transitory Prose, were I a Master of all those Languages, which I make no question but you have gain'd by your Travels, I should hold them all too few to give you sufficient Assurance that I am, *SIR,*

Your most Faithful Servant J. C.
The

The Piece of a Common Place upon
Romans the 4th. Last Verse.

*Who was delivered for our Offences,
 and rose again for our Justification.*

THE Athenians had two sorts of Holy Mysteries, two distinct times, *November* and *August*, for their Celebration: but when King *Demetrius* desir'd to be admitted into their Fraternity, and see both their Solemnities at once, the People past a Decree, that the Month *March*, when the King requested it, should be call'd *November*, and after the Ceremonies due to that Month were finished, it should be translated to *August*, and so at the second return of this new Leap-year they accomplished his Request. Two greater Mysteries are the parts of my Text, the Passion and the Resurrection; several times appropriate for either *Good Friday* or *Easter*. But as the Athenian Decree made *November* and *August* meet in *March*, so give me lieve by a less *Syncope* of Time to contract *Good Friday* and *Easter* both to a day, as the Passion and Resurrection are both in my Text; *Who was delivered for our offences,*

M

ces,

ces, &c. And I may the rather link them both on a day, because the Text is willing to admit some Resemblance. The Evening and the Morning make the day, saith the Holy Spirit; the Method of my Text observes as much: here is the Evening, the Passion, when our Saviour strip'd himself of those Rags of Mortality, and lay down in the Bed of Corruption, where he stays not long; but the Morning breaks in the Resurrection, *when this Corruptible shall put on Incorruption, and this Mortal shall put on Immortality.* So then my Text is a Day from Sun to Sun, *Soles occidere & redire possunt*, from the Sun-set of his Passion to the Sun-rise of his Resurrection.

The Dew of his Birth is as the Dew of the Morning. There is a Morning-Dew and there is an Evening-Dew; the Evening-Dew, the Tears that are shed at the Sun's Funeral, and they may justly decypher the Passion; the Morning-Dew, the Tears of Joy and Welcom at his new Return; and what is that but a Transcript of the Resurrection?

My Discourse then must be changeable, compos'd of a Cloud and a Rain-bow.

Nocte pluit tota ———

A Deluge of Grief-showers down in the Passion, but the Waters will cease, and the Dove will return with a Leaf in her mouth,

————— *Redeunt Spectacula mane,*

Nothing but Joy and Triumph, Pomp and Pageants at the Resurrection. But methinks St. Paul puts new Cloth into an old Garment, mends the Rent of the Passion with the Resurrection. *Can the children of the Bride-chamber weep while the Bridegroom is with them?* While the Resurrection is in the Text, who can Tune his Soul to lament his Passion; again, by the Waters of Babylon is no singing the Songs of Sion. When Grief hath lock'd up the Heart with the story of the Passion, what Key of Mirth can let in the Anthem of the Resurrection? Different Notes you see, and yet wee'll attempt an Harmony. *Bassus* and *Altus*, a Deep Base that must reach as low as Hell to describe the Passion, and thence rebound to a joyful *Altus*, the high-strain of the Resurrection.

I begin with the Evening, and so I may well style the Passion, since the Horrour thereof turn'd Noon into Night, and made a Miracle maintain my Metaphor. The

Sun was obscur'd by Sympathy, and his Darknes points us to a greater Eclipse. The Sun and the Moon, what are they but Parables of our Saviour and the Soul of Man? The Moon is the Soul; I am sure her Spots will not Confute the Similitude. I might here slacken the Reigns of my Comparifon, and shew, you how the Moon of her self is a dark Body, and what Light she partakes, she receives it from the Sun at second hand. How every Soul is by Nature sinful and in the Shadow of Death, till *the Light that lightens the Gentiles, till the day-spring on high visit us.* I might pursue my Allegory in the Eclipse. The Shadow of the Earth intercepts the Beams of the Sun, and so the Moon suffers an Eclipse. Pleasure and Profit, those two Dugs of the World, what are they but Earthly shadows that Eclipse the Soul, and deprive it of the sweet influence of the Sun of Righteousness. But I hold me to the Metaphor, my Text will warrant the Parallel. As the Moon is Eclipsed by the Earth, so she her self Eclipses the Sun. The Soul is not only sinful, but makes God suffer; *ἐκλείπει τὸν θεόν* is a Physick-word, and signifies the Labour of a Disease. Cure thy self, and there will be no Eclipse in him: Apply but Salve to thy self, and thou'lt heal

the Wounds that thy Sins have made. *Passus est Deliquium propter Delicta nostra. Deliquium* and *Delictum* proceed both from a Root. He had never been delivered unto Death, but for the Gaol-delivery of our Offences. See the Difference betwixt God's and Man's Eclipse. Man's sets God and him at odds; God's reconciles them. The Moon when she is Eclipsed is always in Opposition with the Sun. The Soul will sin, though she be at Enmity with God for't: but the Sun when he is Eclipsed is always in Conjunction with the Moon. God will be Friends with Man, though he purchase the Union with his Passion, and seal the Covenant with his own Blood. But that all things which concern the Passion may be miraculous, wee'l proceed in Method and restrain that to Order and Distinction, which put Nature out of Frame, and threatned the World with Confusion. Consider then my Text, like the Veil of the Temple rent in twain, *ἦν* and *διόν*, He was delivered for our Offences; nay 'tis rent from top toth' bottom; the same parts will serve for the Resurrection, *He rose again for our Justification.*

And well may my Text be divided by the Temple, since our Saviour shadowed both parts of it under that Nation. *I will*

*destroy this Temple, and within three days
 I will build it again.* And now I begin
 with *Simon of Cyrene*, to bear his Cross,
 and labour, as he did, under the burthen.
 The Death of the Cross, all the Languages
 upon it cannot express it: but we see the
 Sun better by looking into the Waters,
 than by affronting his Beams. The only
 way to comprehend the Sufferings of our
 Creator, is by feeling the Pulse of the
 Creature. What shall I say to the Convul-
 sion of the Rocks? The Lapidary tells you
 how the Compassionate Turcoise confesseth
 the Sickness of his Wearer by changing
 colour. The whole Rocks suffered with
 our Saviour, they were cleft; and shall
 not this rend our stony hearts? O that
Dencaalion's Men were not now a Fable!
Caucasus is supple in comparison of our
 Breasts. Marble can weep, whilest we are
 Pumices. *Moses* his Rod will sooner fetch
 a River out of a Rock, than a Tear from
 a Rebellious Sinner. The Earthquake is
 the next Miracle. Tremble thou Earth at
 the presence of the Lord, at the presence of
 the God of Jacob. She tottered under the
 Burden of so great a Sin. She had lost
 the Author of her being, and so might well
 be struck with a dead Palsie. 'Tis a good
 Observation of *Aristotle*, that among all
 the

the absurd Opinions of the old Philosophers; who held the Soul to be Fire; some Air, some Water; none ever had so gross a Soul as to conceive it to be Earth. O that in this case we were Earthy-minded! That we were affected with this Religious Palsie! Then should we see that *Motus Trepidationis*, the Motion of the Heavens as well as the Earth. We must *work out our salvation with fear and trembling*. But the Earth hath quaked so long till it hath awakened the Dead: nor is it a wonder that the Dead live, when Life it self can die. Heaven descends into the Bowels of the Earth, and, to make up the Anagramm, the Graves open and the Dust ariseth. Thus were all things shuffled, and Nature rung the Bells backwards, as if every Creature desir'd to bear the Burden of our Saviour's Elegy. *Attendite & videte* — *Behold and see if ever, there was sorrow like unto my sorrow*. Cyrus to be revenged of a River cut it into so many Channels, that it lost its Name. This is the way to allay a Grief, to divide it into so many streams, to pour it into other Bosoms; but even this is denied to our Saviour. The Sons of *Zebedee* do not now petition to drink his Cup: They would not now be one on his right hand, another on his left; no, he is

crucified betwixt two Thieves. The Quality of his Companions augments his Misery. He was born among Beasts, and doth he not die so too? Man without understanding is like unto a Beast that perisheth, Betwixt two Thieves. You see Vice to Vertue is two to one: Vertue is in the Centre, Vice in the Circumference; vast is the Circuit; *Universus orbis, the whole World lies in Wickedness*, whilst Vertue like the Centre is but an Imaginary point. Thieves, and well too, *Barrabbas* was too good for him now; mark but their Election; *Not him, but Barrabbas*. But methinks his Crown might command a Distance; but 'tis a Crown of Thorns: and if you consider well the Troubles annex'd to a Crown, it may seem a *Tautology*. Every Crown is a Crown of Thorns. See here Cruelty Quartering her Arms with Division. *Pseudo-Philippus*, that Counterfeit of the Macedonian King, when he was taken by the Romans, had so much honourable Calamity indulg'd unto him; *Quod de eo tanquam de vero Rege triumpharetur*. They Crown him, but 'tis for Sacrifice. They never acknowledge him King of the Jews, till upon the Cross, that so his Title might set off his Misery.

The Answer to the Newark-Summons.

BUT that it argues a greater Courage to pass the Test of a Temptation uncorrupted, than with a timorous Vertue to decline the Trial, so jealous is this Maiden Garrison of sullyng her Loyalty, that she had return'd your Summons without perusal. Which rebound of your Letter, as it were a laudable Coyness to preserve her Integrity; so it is the most compendious Answer to what you propound. For I hope you intend it rather as a Mode and Formality to preface your design, than with expectation of an Issue sutable to your Demands. You cannot imagine this untainted *Newark*, which hath so stoutly defended her Honour against several intended Rapes, should be so degenerous from her Virgin Glory as to admit the Courtship of either your Rival Nations. Having therefore received a Letter subscribed with Competition of both Kingdoms, she wonders not at your busie endeavour to divert her *Trent*, since the *Thames* and *Tweed* with equal Ambition would crowd into her Channel. Which Letter, since it proceeded from a Committee, and was directed
after

after the same Garb, as to a Committee-Governour, by putting the Gentlemen and Corporation in equal Commission (though the joyning us together was with Intention to divide us) I shall in satisfaction of yours unanimously desire you to reflect upon the King's Letter, lately sent to both Houses of Parliament, where, in a full Compliance with all their Desires upon the softest Terms, and gentlest Conditions that ever Prince propounded, he offers to disband all his Forces, and dismantle his Garrisons. To what end then do you demand that of the Steward whereof the Lord and Master makes a voluntary tender? In vain do you court the Inferiour Streams, when the Spring-head prevents your expectation.

• It is our Duty to trace his Commands, not to outstrip them. So that if Honour and Conscience would permit the Delivery, meer Manners would retard us, lest by an over-reaching speed we frustrate his Majesty's Act of Grace, and antedate his Royal Disposal. I shall wave the Arguments wherewith you endeavour to evince our Consent. I am neither to be stroak'd into an Apostacy, by the mention of fair Conditions in a misty Notion: Nor to be scar'd into Dishonour by your running Division on the Fate of *Chester*. For as I am no
 Huckster

Huckster in the War, to measure my Allegiance by my interest for the former ; so I disdain that Poverty of Spirit, by a Resemblance of *Chester* to be executed in Picture. I shall be Loyal without that Copy, and I hope never to be the Transcript of their Calamity. You may do well, Gentlemen, to use your Fortune modestly, and think not that God Almighty doth uphold your Cause by reason of your Victories; perchance he fattens it with present Success for a riper Destruction. For my part I had rather embrace a Wrack floating upon a single Plank, than imbarque in your Action with the fullest Sails to dance upon the Wings of Fortune. Whereas you urge the expence of the Siege, and the pressures of the Country in supporting your Charge, there I confess I am touched to the quick : But their Miseries, though they make my Heart bleed, must not make my Honour. My Compassion to my Country must not make me a Parricide to my Prince. Yet in order to their ease, if you will grant me a Pass for some Gentlemen to go to *Oxford*, that I may know his Majesty's pleasure, whether, according to his Letter, he will wind up the Business in general, or leave every Commander to steer his own Course; then I shall know what to determine.

termine. Otherwise I desire you to take notice, that, when I received my Commission for the Government of this place, I annex'd my Life as a Label to my Trust.

Oratio in Scholis Publicis habita
cum junior Baccalaureus in Tri-
podem disputaret *Cantab.*

Q Vos ne videre possum citra oculorum
hyperbolen, quomodo vos compellarem?
Et cum altissimus vester gradus sine
scalâ occupari nequeat, quenam Orationis
Climax vestram scandet dignitatem? Vestram
dum suspicio in meo vultu invenio purpuram;
& ingentis curæ quæ præstandæ observan-
tiæ me habet sollicitum, non novi subtilius
argumentum quam stuporem. Quod autem
Poetarum Princeps Deorum Senatum cogit
ad suam Batrachomyomachiam, pari audacia
liceat & mihi vos ad ludicrum hoc certamen
nostrum invitare. Umbra est hæc nostra
contentio & Icon belli. Murium & Ranarum
pugna, quid aliud quàm Iliadis Brachygra-
phia? & in pusillis istis animalibus Hector
& Achilles (tanquam Iliades in nuce) co-
arctantur. Ea siquidem est pensî nostri con-
ditio, ut hic etiam Mars & Venus implicati
jacent. Pugna est, sed ludicra; Ludus, & tamen
bellicus; ita ut nec bis cincta placeat Philo-
sopia, nec nuda Cytherea. Qui virili toga
indutus, necdum reliquit nuces, sed totus jo-
cos crepat, hujus ego Palladem posthumam
cerebri

cerèbri sui prolem existimabo. Qui in hisce
 Floralibus solus Cato, & inter Philosophiæ
 spinas nullos admittit Rhetoricæ flores, hujus
 Minerva (ad Amazonis instar) alterâ mammâ
 destituitur. Ille demum sit noster Miles, qui
 & sese præstet ingenii Velitem, & Philoso-
 phiæ Cataphractum; qui & viriliter audeat
 disputare, & pueriliter cum Bipede Tripode
 par impar ludere. Me quod spectat ita ratio-
 nem ad agendum subduxi meam, ut utrinque
 munus moliar & subterfugiam, & pudibun-
 da metum inter & officium Musa, & fugit
 ad salices, & videri cupit.

Oratio

Oratio Salutatoria in Adventum Illustriſſimi Principis Palatini.

Sereniſſime Comes Palatine.

SI Archetypam corporis veſtri elegantiam poſſem tranſcribere, & Orationem meam tanquam venuſtatis Metaphoram à veſtro vultu deducere, ita Imaginem veſtram æmulis encomiis exprimerem, ut qui ſpectatum venias, venires ſpectandus, & unicum eſſet Johannenſe ſpectaculum teipſum tibi oſtentare. Sed quoniam ad hoſce ſolares radios caligat penitus Athenienſis Noctua, gratulor mihi meam inertiam, ſuporem jaſto: ita enim cum ſacraſſimo Principe in trutinâ quadam collocatus ſum, ut in quantum me deprimit mea humilis facultas, in tantum ſurſum nititur veſtra ſublinitas. Salve igitur, deſideratiſſime Princeps, hujus Collegii Anima, vel potius omnium animarum Collegium; ita tibi ſinguli devoti ſumus, & in obſequium veſtrum juncta phalange omnes ruimus. Ecce tibi Majorum tuorum Monumenta! Margaretae coſta mania, quæ Semiramis invideat Margaretae! Henrici Septimi, & noſtrum omnium Matris; quæ uno partu enixa eſt quot Herculem fabulantur genuiſſe, quinquaginta Socios. Nec Tibi, Stemmatique veſtro

stro solam Margaretam debemus, quin & pat-
 ternæ gloriæ hæres esto; Fredericum volo be-
 atissimæ memoriæ, qui viginti abhinc plus mi-
 nus annis, una cum Augustissimo Carolo tunc
 temporis surgente Iulo, ad hanc Margaretæ
 Sobolem, quasi Compadres duo & Susceptores
 accesserunt. O quam læti meditamur istum
 natalem nostrum diemque adeo festum, ut
 muros hosce sacro quodam minio pinxisse vi-
 deatur! Ecquid huic fœlicitati superesse pos-
 sit? Possit, ut quod Patris splendore semel tin-
 ctum vestro olim foret Dibaphum; Sequeris-
 que Patrem jam passibus æquis. Enge specio-
 sum Principem! in quo omnium legimus Si-
 mulachra Autographa; Margaretæ nostræ
 Palladium Frederici Patris Numisma aure-
 um & Matris Cornelix Ornamentum, Eli-
 zabethæ dulcissimæ, & in vestro vultu to-
 tam Deam confessæ; cujus laudes ut hodiernum
 sæculum effundit, ita Posteritatis Echo
 reparabit: cujus mascula anima jam sexu
 vestitur masculo, Elizabetha Carolo. Ca-
 rolo! O quam luxuriat dicendi Seges! Quam
 decies repetitus placebit Carolus! Carolus
 Caroli Sobrinus & Caroli Avunculus. O
 Beatissima Carolorum Climax! Matre esto
 gradibus Carolina scala, ut cum præ altitu-
 dine suâ supremus Rex Carolus Cælus scan-
 dat, novi subinde succrescant Caroli, quibus,
 quasi internodiis, distincta ejus aternitas
 usque

usque & usque floreat ; sic ipse sibi super-
 stes Carolus, non hominum (parum illud
 Nestoris) sed Carolorum tres etates vivat,
 Filii, Sobrini, utriusque Caroli.

Ad Regem & Principem in Colleg. Johan.

QUÆ nupero dolore obrignit Academi-
 a, tanquam orbatæ Niobes soror sa-
 xea, si in pristinam Facundiam resolvatur
 hodie agnoscit omen vestræ Præsentiae.
 Memnonis statua solaribus percussa radiis vo-
 calem Musicam dedisse fertur : habent vel
 bi Parietes Chordas Magicas, quas minima
 vultus vestri strictura, quasi plectro anima-
 vit. Nec magis eloquuntur Lapidés, quàm è
 diametro miraculi stupent Oratores. Quod
 in afflatis Numine fieri videmus ; ita Deum
 recipere ut ejiciant Hominem, instinctu spi-
 pere, non intellectu ; perinde vestra in nobis
 hospitatur Divinitas, cujus nimis splendor
 omnes omnium sensus sacrificat, & tam san-
 ctam nostri jacturam in lucro deputamus.
 Ignoscimus jam Fatis immodestiam suam,
 imminens Literarum exitium ut favoris in-
 sidias gratulamur : scilicet, ambitiosæ mori-

untur Musæ, quæ ad vestros pedes efflabunt
 Vale. Lusit Archimedes Cælos in Sphæra;
 quid nî dicam Jovem in Carolo fabrica-
 tum? Adeo ut Orator ille qui, manu deor-
 sum flexâ, O Cælum exclamavit, si istum ad
 modum perorâset hodie, solæcismum manu
 non commisisset. Enimvero cum Regem Opti-
 mum Maximum & Principem simul astantes
 videam, nescio quomodo Principis Natalis
 videatur redux; ubi Solem & Stellam ful-
 gentes à Symbolis (licet non equis radiis)
 conspicati sumus. Cæsare mortuo novum in
 cælis emicuit sydus, quod Julii Anima passim
 audiit. Cæsaris Epilogus fuit Prologus Ca-
 roli; neque enim aptior Stella, quam In-
 victissima illius Herois Anima, quæ vestra
 soboli res gerendas ominaretur. Stellam di-
 xisti? Muto factum; crederem potius ipsum
 Solem fuisse, qui tunc temporis tibi religavit
 moderamen Diei, & ut Principis cunas for-
 tius videret, suum in stellam contraxit ocu-
 lum. Ecce ut patrisat Carolus! Ut ad ve-
 stras Virtutes anhelus surgit! Quod sub pien-
 tissimo Rege accidisse legimus Solem multis
 gradibus retro ferri, Principis ætas pari por-
 tento compensavit damnum, cujus festina
 virtus devorat Horologium, & Pueritiâ non-
 dum libatâ Meridicem attigit. Parcat mi-
 hi, si turgeat Oratio; si nihil præter Solem
 & Stellam crepet; quippe in Principis Natali
 ipsa

ipsa Natura mihi præiit Allegoriam. O sælicem
interim Academiam, & Æternitatem quan-
dam noctam! quæ in Rege & Principe, & esse
nostrum, & nostrum fore simul complectitur.
Non est quod plura expectentur sæcula; vixi-
mus & nostram & posterorum vitam. Sed
vereor ne molestus fuerim importuno officio,
quod in tam illustri præsentia in nescio quid
majus piaculo excrefcit. Minima coram Rege
Errata, tanquam angustiores rimæ, extendun-
tur lumine. Oratio itaque nostra progenio tem-
porum reformabitur, vel, quod tantundem
est, rescindetur. Hoc unicum præfabor vo-
tum; Vivas Augustissime, Pietas tuorum &
Tremor Hostium. Vivas, vel in hoc declivio,
Literarum Stator. Vivas denique eam in-
dutus gloriam, ut Filium tuum Carolum
appellemus Maximum, quia solo Patre mi-
norem.

Oratio habita ad Legatum quendam
Gallicum, & *Hollandiæ* Comitem,
tunc temporis *Academiæ* Cancel-
larium.

QUam *Angusta* sit *vestra* *Præsentia*, &
quam sacro horrore nostros percellit a-
nimos, utinam *Oratoris* *vestri* stupor non
ita nimis testaretur. Quem enim alacritas
officii modo accenderat ut vos salutarem, im-
pedit jam eadem *Religione* in illas aures im-
portunus ruerem inquilinus, ubi *Regum*
consilia habitarunt. Nec magis alloqui
quam intueri nefas. Fulgura sunt in ambo-
rum oculis, quorum splendorem si quis aspi-
ceret, bidental fieret. Si quis *Perfarum*,
qui veneratur *Solem*, vos intueretur, utrum-
que ratus *Numen*, suum divideret sacrificium.
Nos quod attinet, fatemur lippitudine radio-
rum victoriam, & hoc geminum honoris ju-
bar imbellis nostra acies eo magis commen-
dat, quo minus sustineat. Salve igitur, Cele-
berrime *Hospes*, cujus gratissimi adventus,
ut capacia essent nostra pectora, magnitudo
gaudii nosipso à nobis exclusit foras. Ecce
quot *Helluones* oculi vos inspicimus! Quot
in *vestris* vultibus *Quadragesimam* viola-
mus! Sed nos indigni tantis dapibus.
Marga-

Margareta, & Regii illi Manes, quos in Fun-
 datoribus nostris numeramus, per me, tan-
 quam per Legatum suum (ut Titulo vestro su-
 perbere liceat) Adventum vobis gratulantur.
 Nec invid eas mihi, clarissime Advena, Lega-
 ti nomen; nam cum Celsitudo vestra ad gra-
 dum meum (quem suscepisti modo) dignaretur
 descendere, Humilitas nostra (quod in bi-
 lance solet) ad vestrum apicem assurgebat.
 Scholas vidisti & illud unicum Sacellum,
 quorum alteri docuisti Literas, alteri Pieta-
 tem. Et quid amplius studes apud nos invi-
 sere? Eccunt Academiam integram, Cancel-
 larium dignissimum, qui quicquid Cantabri-
 gia nostra complectitur plenius representat.
 Theatra & Scholarum Pyramides nos ludi-
 bundi Vitruvii aedificamus in chartis. Tu,
 Tu Architectus fortunæ nostræ, cujus Magni-
 ficentia vel Pictoris nostri audaciam super-
 abit. Multus sum, Honoratissime Orator, in
 Cancellarii debitissimis laudibus, ut scias
 qualis Heros, quantus aliorum Patronus ho-
 nori vestro hodie inserviat. Certè dum vos
 Majorum Gentium Nobiles simul adstantes
 videam. Nescio quis Isthmus videatur Gal-
 liam & Britanniam (invito Oceano) conjun-
 xisse. Quin perpetuus sit ille Regionum no-
 dus, & ita Gordianus, ut neuter Alexan-
 der discindat gladio. Plura vellem, & us-
 que pergeret votorum pietas, sed victus di-

viti argumento plusquam Demosthenis Anginam patior. Quare si aures vestras, Regibus assuetas, nimis detinendo sacrilegus fuerim ; si quid deliquerim, hoc saltem sit subitæ Orationis prodiga temeritas ; ut nè paratus ad peccandum prodiiſſe videar.

Oratio

Oratio habita cum unus è Prelecto-
ribus, deficiente Terminò, pen-
sum (pro more) imponeret.

Hodiernus intravi (Juvenes Academici)
tanquam Cato Floralia, ut exirem
tantum. Convenimus fateor, sed ut dissili-
amus: Siquidem hoc est longum Vale moribun-
di Terminì, qui nollet (ut Juridici loquun-
tur) intestatus mori. Sed singulis vestrum
Legatum tribuit, & ejusdem ceræ coheredes
reddit. Penso igitur vobis erit Aristotelis
Liber primus de Anima Conscriptus. Et qui-
dem vos scio unam vel alteram Authoris pa-
ginam posse transcribere: hoc autem à vobis
non expeto. Neque est ut expectarem ut He-
autontimorumengs & miserè Absyrtos vete-
res Philosophos in Cruciatu denuò redigatis.
Ruente Quercu vel quilibet Homuncio ligna
colliget. Illius autem animosior est Spiritus
qui è triumphantis Philosophi Fancibus cripi-
at, & eorum aliquem sub Clientela sua patro-
cinetur. Obsoleta ista Democriti, vel etiam
Thaletis opinio ingenio Vestro fiat Authen-
tica. Neque tamen in ullas angustias vos re-
digam. Universas Naturæ Pandectas habe-
atis vobis usurarias. Modo etiam placuerit,
(eruditi Juvenes) liceat vobis leviter per-
N 4 stringere,

stringere, & exesa ista Philosophorum Placita risui exponere. Quod si ita iis contigerit occumbere, habent quod Fatis imputent. Stuporem jactent, atque impotentiam suam in lucro possunt deputare: Si pereant manibus vestris periisse juvabit.

Oratio

Oratio habita in Scholis publicis cum
Patris officio fungeretur.

Quam equivocum sit Patris nomen, quanta & quam discolor officii ratio, si non aliunde, ab hac varia frequentia (Severiores viri & Lepidissima proles) possem dignoscere? Si enim ad singula Auditorum ingenia quilibet Orator componendus sit, ita ut cum Senibus iussiat, rideat cum pueris; quid ego hominis? Quale futurus sum Monstrum, gravitate & nucibus, Patre & puero interpunctum? Quod in dispersita & expansa Aquila fieri videmus unum corpus duplicem ostentare faciem: eadem est nostra erga vos & filios bisrons conditio. Hos cum aspicio, sum senex Aquila pullos meos ad vestrum jubar exploratura; ubi vos è contra, nescio quomodo ipse in pullum redeo. & ad instar Aquilæ juventutem renovo. Duæ igitur Dramatis personæ sustinendæ sunt; vestram in scenâ acturus sum Filium, in vestram Patrem, alterum genu flexum, alterum stabit Elephantinum, oscillatione, quod quod aiunt, ludam. Superam modo, modo inferam occupabo partem; partim Senex, partim Puer, qualis Æson ille in Abeno Medæ semicoctus. Et quæ quidem aptior via inveniri poterat quam per ferulam ad fasces, per Filii scabellum ad culmen Patris assurgere? Servien-
dum

dum ut imperes, *Aulicorum methodus*; à
Vitulo ad Taurum Milonis progressus. Vobis
 igitur, *Viri Gravissimi*, *primitiæ nostræ sunt*
consecrandæ; quod si nullo, vel, quod pe-
 riunde est, *tralatitio tantum honore prosequer-*
er, non dico causam, quin filii mei impro-
bitate erga me pari, injuriâ, vestram ul-
ciscantur. Neque tamen interea nosci-
 mus quali vos compellemus nomine, quo-
 rum *Eruditio scribit Academia Maritos,*
obsequium malit Filios. Perplexus fuit &
 tortuosus ille incesti nodus, quem de *Oedi-*
po suo fabulatur Græcia; major *Meander*
unusquisque vestrum, quorum eruditione cum
Alma Mater gravida fiat, & quotannis par-
turiat; quorum præceptis & exemplari vir-
 tute; cum tenella pubes (quasi binis uberibus)
 lactetur indies; non *Oedipus majori*
cum enigmate sceleratus, quam quilibet ve-
strumpius: Matris Maritus, Uxoris Filius,
& Fratrum Pater. Neque hic se sistit vestra
 divina indoles, cujus vel pictura est satis
 prolifica; siquidem *Alma Mater ubi concipi-*
at, speciem vestram ob oculos ponit, vestram
instar representat animo, ut masculam ma-
gis, magis excultam sobolem enitatur. Illi,
 illi estis, quibus si ante inventas literas con-
 tigisset vivere, *Imagines vestras ab Ægyptiis*
expressas, hodie pro Artibus & Scientiis le-
geremus. Non ego sequax erroris illius qui
 nihil

nihil egregium ducit nisi quod vetustum, qui
 praesentia fastidit tempora, & ex hesterno jure
 panem atrum vorat. Senescit, si Diis placet,
 Natura ; Majoribus quidem nostris dedit
 animarum jugera, nobis spithamas ; Gigan-
 tes illi, nos Pustiones. Degeneres animae &
 verè minores in hac opinione : Lucrifecit hac
 etas, non decoxit. Illi quidem Literarum
 Atavi, sed quota est familia ? cujus primus
 fuit illud quod dicere nolo, secundus illud
 quod nequeo : Humilis principii nobilis pro-
 gressus. Habeant quod suum est Antiqui, sed
 nè in solidum fiant Domini : suas sibi laudes
 vendicent, sed vestras vobis nè praeipiant ;
 quorum ego meritis tantum confido, ut vete-
 rum sicut canitiem veneror, sic misereor im-
 potentiam. Ruſtarunt illi glandes, vestrum
 est triticum : calceati eorum dentes, & vi-
 ctus asper, vestrae dapes & ingenii gula ; qui-
 bus quod retro est seculum tantum stravit
 mensam, erit à quadris futurum. Clari Con-
 vivae, quibus obsonantur antiqui ; ministrant
 posterì. Sed quam effrons ego & devorati
 pudoris, qui dum vestra molibz Encomia, O-
 rationem meam felicitatis tantae commensa-
 lem reddam ! Liceat tamen peccare, Audito-
 res, ut ignoscatis ; purpura clotis maculis est
 iterata murice ; gloriabor de culpà à vobis
 remissà magis quam de innocentia. Julius
 Sabinus, cum à Romano imperio defecisset, fu-
 sis

sis jam copiis & afflictis rebus in monumen-
tum quoddam se abdidiſſe dicitur, ubi cum
Uxore tamdiu latuerit, ut plures filios ex ea
ſuſceperit; tandem vero deprehensus, & pro
Tribunali poſitus, filios ſuos in medium ſi-
ſtens, ſic aſſatnr Judicem. Parce, Parce,
Cæſar; hos in monumento genui, hoſce alii,
ut tibi plures eſſemus ſupplices. Veſtram ſi-
dem, Auditores, quicquamne uſpiam rotundi-
ur dictum? Conſultite quicquid eſt Rhetorum.
O vanas ſpes tuas Cicero! O fruſtra ſuſceptos
labores! O inanes cogitationes! Tinnis, tin-
nis præ hoc Orationum maximo, qui ſi cum U-
xore tua Rhetorica tamdiu in Muſæo conclu-
ſus eſſes, quam ille in Monumento, nunquam
Orationem hujus parem genuiſſes. Gratias
tibi, Sabine, de excuſatione mea, qui cum
neceſſe ſit ut delinquam, habeo tamen depre-
candi formulam. Habco filios quos oſtendam,
hanc circumſtantiæ Rhetoricam. Magna,
magna eſt Infantium Eloquentia, qui eò plus
exorant quò non loquantur. Eorum illice ta-
cendi ſuadâ & ego in præſens utar; neque
dubito quin plus favoris demerear ſilentio,
quam ulteriori tædio.

Actus primi Scena fecunda.

R Edeo jam alter Sofia : Redeo cum annorum sarcina. O quam tacito pede tempus labitur, & obrepit non intellecta senectus! Non est, quam videtis, barba desperatio, sed genarum calvities; non sum implumis puer, sed defloccatus senex. Proдите igitur in aciem, mei filii; non in aciem ingenii; nollem enim vos nimis ingeniosos in pueritia, ne Doctores sitis in senectute. Prudens Natura dedit Infantulis rationis somnum, ut in etatis vespera lucubrentur. Cum animæ nimis vigiles in prætexta, dormiunt, ut videtis, in purpura. Festo die si quid prodigeris, pro festo egere liceat, modo non peperceris; si Juvenes prodigatis cerebra, Senes capita eritis & nil præterea. Sed non est quod de vobis metuum; pari modo nostra, quo Claudiana familia est intertexta, aut Regem, aut Fatuum nasci oportet; aut lepidos & facetos Juvenes, aut eorum Antipodas. Illos ita hilares & jocosos, ut ex Jovis cerebro jurares natos, alios ita hebetes & tardos, ut vel ex patris delirio, vel ex novissimo decreto. Non magis differunt illæ primæ sorores, Nox & Dies, quam hi Fratres. In hisce radiorum pompa & adulta lux; in illis spissæ tenebræ

bræ, vel, si quod Intellectus lumen, qualis è squamis piscium, aut putri ligno nocturnus splendor. Hercules & Iphiclus fratres fuerunt, indole dispares; Herculi fortitudo data est, Iphiclo pernitas pedum, ac si illum Alcmena ad bellum, hunc ad fugam peperisset. Est & nobis multiplex Hercules, qui duodecim terminos totidem laboribus mensuravit: unus forsitan aut alter Iphiclus, qui pocula sacra bibit & fugit; qui non aliàs se Herculis fratrem demonstrat, quam quod trinoctium illud quod ad procreandum Herculem continuavit Jupiter in intellectu suo usque conservat. Nata est (quamvis novitia) de quadam fabula; qui cum agnum insidiis excepisset, & odora nare persequeretur Pastor, ubi nullus pateret effugii locus, tugurium intrat, agnum fasciis involutum in cunas componit, quas huc illuc subinde quassat, ut balanti puero conciliaret somnum; sic scrutantium examen elusit, & astu non dispari Ulysses vicit: Sunt & in nostra prole aliqui, quorum cunas si penitus excutias, illuc etiam reperire est illud simplicius animal, nihil præter agninam pellem & innocentiam. Mortale ovum Castoris, immortale Pollucis; hic Jovem Deum imitatur, æternus, viridis, & mutationis expers; ille Jovem Cygnum; nec diu erit quin senior factus canitie simulabit plumas; alter filius Jovis, alter μεταμορφω-

Quis tantam componet litem? Quis conciliabit inter sese tam multiformis fœtus membra? Det Pollux Castori immortalitatem mutua, uterque vivet alternatim; dies nocti lucem accommodet, utrinque crepusculum fiet; spargantur in omnibus merita, quæ in aliquibus fluunt mista, & mea fide omnes idonei ad respondendum questioni. Hitamen sunt in quibus stabit hodierna hilaritas: cum enim penuria verborum sit Mater Rhetoricæ, non video quin defectus ingenii sit Pater Jocorum. Sed esto quod non sunt agiles & ad ingenium prompti; nonne statutis magis morigeri? Non sunt stupidi, tantum obtemperant Authoritati. Centurio cum à Prælio abesset, & Africanus Victor causam quæreret, respondit, se tuendis castris dedisse operam, ne cæteris in acie detentis diriperentur; suboluit Duci pusillanimis ratio. Non amo nimium diligentes. Etiam & filii mei hisce lepidis Exercitiis interessent, nisi quod tuenda sunt Castra, observanda Statuta, ne cæteris jocantibus violarentur. Euge mei filii! non fuit Militis ignavia, sed Castrorum cura; non Torpor ingenii, sed metus Statuti. Lex fuit antiqua in Tabulis Decemviralibus primum inventa, ad Justiniani Codicem postea progressa, in Jure qua Canonico, qua Civili receptissima; & tandem ad hoc Municipale nostrum delapsa. Si quis faxit plus quam possit

possit damnas esto. Lex imponit Castitatis
fibulam ; nonne damnandus Eunuchus si
committat stuprum ? Cavet Statutum ut fru-
gi vivamus : nonne culpandus Mendicus si
luxurietur ? Pari modo plectendi sunt mei
filii si sint ingeniosi. Crudele Decretum quod
mutis excavit linguas, cæcis extinxit oculos,
filis meis ingenio interdixit.

Cratio

Oratio Inauguralis, cùm Prælectoris
Rhetorici munus auspicaretur.

Quanta & quàm divina sit vèstra bene-
faciendi Indoles, quàm pauperrima
Gratitudinis nostræ talio, nescio an diuti-
num meum silentium, an hodierna Oratio lu-
culentius fuerit testimonium. Imparem se fa-
tetur modesta taciturnitas, & in tanto cer-
tamine maluit cedere, quam infantibus Gra-
tiis humanitatem vestram balbutire. In mi-
nimis & quæ compensari possunt beneficiis
peccat silentium, quod in majoribus est reli-
giosum. Sed frigidè agnoscere, tantundem ac
tacere; & in hoc tamen scelere pietatem me-
am invenietis, quod enim sollicitis votis am-
biunt alii, ut favori vestro paribus numeris
respondeant, ut munus & Gratiæ in amæba-
am quandam Eclogam coalescant; secus ego
gratulor meam gratiarum ignaviam: quò e-
nim magis infra muneris vestri magnitudi-
nem subsido, eò infamiâ meâ munus commen-
do. Gratiæ cum beneficio in bilance positæ,
& pro levitate suâ in sublime actæ, ex pro-
prio ludibrio gloriam addunt & pondus bene-
ficio. Quod si elegantes magis velitis grati-
as, estote vos minus munifici, Gratitudo est
beneficii Echo, quæ ut singula verba potest
repe-

repetere, ita longam sententiam ne dimidiare.
 Monosyllaba (ut ita dicam) beneficia facile
 reverberamus, cum grandioribus & vestris
 ne unam aut alteram syllabam rependimus:
 prodeoque igitur in aciem cum amore vestro, sed
 ut succumbam studeo. Contendunt gratia
 cum beneficio, sed ut ex istâ pugna major ap-
 pareat vestra victoria. Qui in hostis pote-
 statem se lubens offert, invidet hosti honorem
 suum; plenior ex capto quam ex deditio
 Triumphus; & major erit munificentiae ve-
 strae Paen ex Oratore victo, quam ex imbelli
 silentio. Quorsum autem ego in hac subsellia
 ascenderem, qui ita hereditarium à proavis
 meis prælectionibus accepi silentium, ut necesse
 habuerim quasi ex traduce, tacuisse? Erat e-
 nim, cum Lectores legere pleonasmus habere-
 tur. Artis fuit apud illos dissimulare Artem;
 munus suscipere, cum privilegio dormire;
 implere autem, (absit omen!) officium; ad
 industriam prodere, de posteris mereri malè.
 Crediderim sanè ego illud fuisse muneris no-
 stri ingenium, ut, quod Papæ solent, illarum
 virtutum à quibus maximè distant esse cogno-
 mines; proinde Rhetores eligerentur illi, qui
 per integrum annum obmutescerent. Nec
 immeritò; tam raræ enim fuerunt, tam in-
 frequentes prælectiones nostræ, tam seculares
 denique, ut nescio quâ possum melius præfari,
 quam illis præconis verbis; Venite ad Ludos
 quos

quos nemo mortalium unquam vidit, nec visus est postea. Sed nova hoc anno exoritur Lectorum Religio, qui, aliter ac Lectores solent, ad Canones & Statuta revocamur. Stamus indies, loquimur quotidie, & tam ancipiti pulmonum virtute, ut & Pulpita ad vigiliam, & Auditores ad somnum adigamus. Ad somnum? ad horrorem potius; tanto enim recentes hujus inusitati prodigii percussi sunt metu, ut verendum sit ne ad Pædagogos scripserint novitiam aliquam heresim suppullulasse, Babylonicam Meretricem in Rhetoricis Lenociniis esse redivivam, & in liberalibus Scientiis septicollem Bestiam. Ecquid amplius apud vos Papisticum? imo & quod pessimum est, noctu & interdium horas Canonicas observare Procancellarium; quem non citius maximo cum honore nomino, quin eò deslectanda mihi videtur Oratio; cujus in laudes tam alacris est mea Rhetorica, ut si semel undarent lora, vereor quod habenas non audiret denuo. Quotus enim est patronus noster? qui homines alioquin somnolentos, tanquam matutinus Sol, radiis suis ad laborem suscitatur; qui otiosi in officio, ac dormire in aprico pudendum ratus, non modo ipse laborat, sed & nostri laboris est Artifex: ita eandem quam ipse exercet diligentiam felici contagione nobis affricat. Qui denique (& quod ego palmarum duco) modestiam meam, nimis

difficilem, in hodiernum vestrū obsequium rapuit. Vestrū intelligo, Senatus amplissime; quibus quicquid ego Praeceptoris sum, refero acceptum; quorum nescio an me Rhetorem elegerunt Iudicia, aut Suffragia creaverunt. Creaverunt dico, & satis cum audaciā repeto; tot enim & tam fecundae voces in unum congestae, quem non Rhetorem fecissent? Quod igitur fabulantur poetae ad Pandorae Natalitia universum Deorum Chorum fuisse à Symbolis, idem in Rhetorica mea, & unanimi vestro assensu, quasi Epimnithion natum invenietis. Quare quos Eloquentia, si quae sit mea, agnoscit compadres, non dubito quin usque habitura sit susceptores; ut eadem lubentiā in aures vestras resiliat quā facilitate pectorum profecta est. Non causabor in posterum imbecillitatem meam, qui onus dedistis, dedistis humeros: & ut absint caetera, satis erit virium sub aquilā vestrā militare. Refert Seneca de pusillo & monogrammate (ut ita dicam) homunculo, qui palæstram ausus est descendere, quoniam pugiles multos & strenuos servos domi aleret. Si servi tantum potuerint, si vicarii roboris confidentia infirmum herum commasculare possit, quid Domini facient? Et ego in hunc literarium pulverem possum irruere, non Mercurio meo, sed quoniam tam multos & tam facundas habeam Dominos. Non enim ad hoc officium designatus sum à dextro
ant

aut à lævo vulture, non à sitellâ aut forti-
bus, non ab imperito vulgo, vel (quod idem
est apud Persas) hinniente equorum armento,
sed à Senatu vestro, scilicet (ut sobriè audax
possum dicere) ab œcumenico literarum conci-
lio. Quid enim non infra erit eorum dignita-
tem, quibus Artes omnes pro satellitio, &
conjunctæ veniunt ad Clientelam Scientiæ?
Impos hîc sui Rhetorica, & laudes vestras nè
anhelâ quidem eloquentiâ adæquare potest.
Parcite, Auditores, si vos frequens compel-
lem; ita enim subduxi mecum rationem ad
agendum, ut ubi vos nominaverim, Troporum
affatim, abundè Figurarum. Quod igitur ar-
tis Memoriæ Professores solent per ea, quæ
sunt sibi ante oculos posita, alia quæcunque
memoranda significare; idem Auditores meos
edoctos velim, ut in vos ora & obtutus fi-
gant, ut hunc Metonymiam, illum Hyperbo-
len, universam multitudinem pro continuatâ
figurarum Allegoriâ imaginati, omnes colores,
omnia Orationis lumina, integram denique
Rhetoricæ Suppellectilem per quandam oculo-
rum Metaphoram ad sese transferant. Jamque,
Auditores, cum eò deventum sit, ut vos o-
mnes in volumen quoddam Rhetoricum com-
pegerim, recipio in posterum me lecturum: In
præsens aliquid de Rhetoricâ dicendum cen-
seo; neque enim tam fœlix Argumentum,
quale vos reputo, prius reliquisssem, quàm in-

dividuis præconis vos & Rhetoricam semel
 simulque commendare. Ferunt Demosthe-
 nem, optimum licet Rhetorem, non potuisse
 pronunciare nomen Rhetoricæ. Quæ Demo-
 sthenis fuit impotentia, est Rhetoricæ mode-
 stia, quæ licet apud omnes laudatissima sit &
 multi nominis, titulos tamen suos erubescat
 proloqui. Quid igitur ego quàm ut veterem
 illum medelæ modum imitarer? lapides ali-
 quos in os injiciam, quos nisi favor vester,
 plus quam Chymicus in preciosos verterit, in-
 digni erunt qui in auribus vestris tam disertis
 pendeant. Age igitur Rhetorica, explica vir-
 tutes tuas, quæ Logicæ, Philosophiæ cæteris-
 que tuis Sororibus illicem facundia hederam
 soles præfigere. Si tibi in eodem deesses offi-
 cio, quid aliud quam foris sapires, domi in-
 sanires? Atque hinc quàm optimè Rhetoricæ
 encomium auspicari possum, quòd nativa sit
 ejus Pulchritudo, cum in cæteris nil nisi em-
 ptitium fucum deprehendas. Scitum est il-
 lud Phrynes Thebanæ Commentum, quæ
 cum Convivio inter æquales adesset, & probè
 jam saturatæ omnes ludis operam darent;
 Lex lata est, ut quicquid factò præiret quæ-
 vis, subsequerentur cæteræ. Ubi ad Phrynes
 vices deventum est, poscit aquam, faciem la-
 vat, quod cum cæteræ pro imperio Legis fe-
 cissent, Phryne pulchrior, ut quæ sordes elu-
 erat, deformes cæteræ, ut quæ fucum deter-
 ferant

serant, apparere. Huc summa redit denique, Autographa est Rhetoricæ venustas, quæ in ceteris est tralatitia. Fictitii sunt aliorum vultus, cum nesciat Rhetorica qualis sit illa nova Protopopæia. Ceteræ quidem Scientiæ Magnates sunt Dominae; sed tanquam Dominae facies suas è Rhetoricæ Pyxide mutantur. Ut reliquas taceam; Quid Logica citra Rhetoricam? Contractus ille pugnus ad colophos magis accommodus, quam ad aures demulcendas; ubi verò in palmam Rhetoricæ extendatur, non opus est ut dicam quantum potuerit, cum frater meus Logicus exemplo suo nuper ostenderit. Quæ igitur alias Artes laudibus suis deaurare solet, æquum est ut suis superbiat, quæ (tanquam Daniſta) Elegantiam suam foris locat usurariam, iniquum esset si non ipsam sortem cum amplissimo fœnore reciperet; quanquam quidem Rhetorica non tam facultates suas fœnori apponit, quàm, tanquam Missilia, in Scientiarum plebem Regina disseminat. Hactenus quàm dives Rhetorica in alienis oculis, nunc videamus quàm opulenta sit in suis. Quod ut facilius fieret, utinam Thesaurarius ejus Cicero revivisceret; qui si toties de Rhetorica sua, quoties de Consulatu gloriatus esset, & æque indefessum argumentum habuisset, & mitius ob superbiam vapularet. Hic ille Atticæ Helenæ Rivalis, hic Palladii Græci Ulysses; hinc illæ Philo-

Sophi lachrymæ Rhetoricam è Græcia transmissuram. Quod enim Antonio Athenas proficiscenti Cives Minervam suam desponsarunt; ideoque pro adulationis pœna Talentum, quasi pro dote, coacti sunt numerare: idem in Cicerone plenius ac vellent evenisse constat; qui ubi Athenis studuit, Rhetoricam, præsidem Civitatis Deam, Uxorem duxit; & ubi à Pyræo solveret, omnem ejus dotalem ornatum secum in Italiam transmisit. Euge redux Cicero. Salvete in Tusculum Athenæ. Opima magis spolia quam terna illa Jovi Feretrio consecrata. O qualis fuit Ciceronis copia! Qualis ejus dicendi Tyberis! imo Romanus Nilus! Quantum enim ejus Eloquentia excrevit, vel deferbuit, tantum fecunda vel sterilis, felix vel misera extitit Italia. Quot ille Coronas ob Cives, quot ob Provincias defendendas meruit? qui cum duos parricidio liberaret Roscium & Popilium, ob unum in æternum debuit vivere, teste omnium optimâ Oratione: ob alterum mori, idque Popilii manu, in ejus cæde parricidium confessi. Hic tamen Cicero Facundiæ Sponsus; hic (pace Bruti dixerim) Romanorum Rex; hic, plusquam Cæsar, perpetuus Dictator, ut divinum Rhetoricæ numen sacro quondam horrore agnosceret, in Orationum primordiis singultiit, ut ludit Comicus, vitavit Sorbillo. Vetus obtinuit Superstitio,

ut ubi Luna pateretur Eclipsin, armorum strepitus, vel quilibet alius clangor parturienti (sic enim credebant) Numini obſketricari poſſit. Ubi laborat Res-publica, ubi deliquium paſſura eſt Patria, intercedit Rhetorica ut Lucina Juno, & ſuaviſſimo tonitru tumorem ſedat. Tumultuatur Plebs, ſecedit in Janiculum. Ecquis prodit Jupiter Stator? Ecce Rhetor Agrippa, qui Fabulae cujuſdam de ventre & membris tintinnabulo fugitivum apum examen ad præſepe redegit. Tantum Artiſicis valet habitus oris. Senecam dum audiret Nero, quis æquavit ejus quinquennium? Ita ſacundus ſenex inſidiatur Tyranno, & animum ejus ad vitia proclivem ſurtivâ Rhetoricâ in virtutem prodit, ſanctiſſimè reus Majeſtatis. Neque enim Reges aut Imperatores Rhetoricæ jugum ſubterfugiunt. Tonat Rhetorica? fruſtra ſub lecto cubat Teſtudo Caligula. Fulgurat Rhetorica? incaſſum lauro circumdatur Tiberius, nec in iſto circulo ſecurus. Duplex enim eſt Rhetoricæ Geniꝝ; bonus, qui innocentes præmiis afficit, & malus, qui ſcleratos exagitat; tam ſubtilis tamen eſt ejus Suada & hujus terror, ut tanquam fulmen terebrans, ſalvis corporum vaginis ipſas animas liquefaciat. Quid ego vobis Craſſos, Curios, Lælios proponam? quorum illuſtrium Rhetorum tam numeroſa ſunt apud Hiſtoriam Exempla; quam apud nos nulla:

nam

nam siqua sit exilis & strigosa Oratio, sine sanguine, sine anima; sententiis ad tertium lapidem porrectis, hæc (si placet) est Cicero-niana. Pudendum nominis Sacrilegium! & cujus in vindictam miror facundos manes non resurgere novas scripturos Philippicas. Sed ecce alius Ciceronis insons! qui perspicuum & simplicem perosus stylum implicitè loquitur & in enigmate, ac si Persii Carmina in Pro-sam Orationem per modum Anagrammatis re-solveret: anxie ineptiæ! & quæ neminem Oratorem præter Sphingem Monstrum, nemi-nem Auditorem præter Oedipum admittunt. Tertius prodit uterque neuter, qui ambabus sellis sedet, qui omnia dicendi genera experi-tur; cujus Oratio tanquam multiformis Lu-na secundum varias mutat Quartas; modo gibbosa, modo falcata, plena, semi-plena, ac si Rhetorica Metempsychosin quandam institu-erit, per omnes stylos pervagata. Ubi interim Musarum Castitas? Adulter est ille Stylus, qui rem habet cum pluribus, & maxima O-ratoris laus est æquum & integritas. Sed proh stupor! Egone ut Rhetoricæ encomia moliar, & Oratorem nostrum publicum cui omnes assurgunt, prætermittam? cujus no-men cum Demosthene triplicare, est Rhetori-cam ex omni parte definire. Peregrinatur in aliis Rhetorica, hîc Incola est, non Hospes unde non magis illam divellas quàm Solem è Cælo, Justitiam

Iustitiam a Fabricio. Ille decus suæ & dolor nostræ Gentis, qui cum Orator sit & Græcus Professor, pari jure quo Cæsar, Consules, nominari potest Academicæ Oratores. Ille enim verus Orator qui Ambidexter, in quo binæ linguae unum eloquentiæ trahunt jugum. Refert Seneca de quodam, qui cum bis declamasset in eodem die, Græcè, & Latinè, & sciscitaretur quidam (ut curiosum sumus Literarum genus) quomodo perorasset, responsum tulit, benè & xανός, benè Latinè, perperam Græcè. Dīctum non magis lepidum & rotundum quàm hodièque verum; quàm multi enim sunt Literati Ἀγρόφυκτοι; Quot Eloquentes Νύπιοι; Plures Cicerones (pauci licet) quàm Demosthenes. Incipiat sanè Rhetorica à Latinis, sed adolescat in Græcis. Græcia à Latio mutuetur Calendas; sed Nonas, sed Idus apponat suas: qui enim in solis Latinis est exercitatus, est Polyphemus monoculus, pene dixerim ὀυτίς Rhetoricus. Possem, Auditores, ad Cathedram ascendere, & ibi etiam quomodo Rhetorica pro Tribunali sedeat, demonstrare; sed pingere duos angues, sacer est locus: vel si fas esset laudes ejus attingere, attingere tamen est Religio: ita enim in illo divino Professore conturbavit prodiga Rhetorica, ut nè unciam habeat unde cum posteris pro labore & vigiliis suis decernat. Huc usque eminus quasi verba feci; tem-

pus

pus est ut cum auditoribus meis cominus agerem : Moris enim est librum nominare, & sic pro hoc anno satisfecisse. Sed illud quicquid est muneris reliquum, in Termini proxime in-
euntis exordium differam ; ubi tamen spero Auditores meos non affuturos ; nam si nullo alio modo vos deterrire possum, legam Arabicè. O invidendam Prælectoris solitudinem !
cujus in Individuo, cælestem admodum, universa species Arabica, quantum ad nos spectat, conservatur. Quod si meis ingratis Auditores adsint, & Ego contra me sistam Rhetorem, uterque agemus quod nostrum est, usque vobis grati erimus. Rhetoricæ & honori vestro pariter incumbemus ; ita enim commodum nostrum & observantia vestri mutuo nexu alligantur, ut quo quisque erimus magis Rhetores, eò Munificentia vestra magis memores.

Oratio

Oratio habita in Scholis Theologicis,
cùm Moderatoris partes ageret.

QUæ cum ita sint, Auditores, liceat tandem perorare, Piladi dabo ut hodie insaniam, & tum finitus Orestes. Quod Reges solent, ubi satietas illos mundi ceperit, Cœnobium intrare ut seipsos dediscant; perinde de nostro ingressu in hæc Scholas judicate. Penitet nostræ nugacis facundiæ, & in severiori hujus loci genio remedium quæro. Nec tamen sum ex illorum numero qui sapiunt in gratiis, qui gravitatem complectuntur, ut continentiam Senes, qui cum ulterius peccare nequeunt, resipiscunt. Spadonum est hæc virtus; ingenia casta, quoniam non mascula; ac si Statuta nostra, sicut Turcarum Mulieres, non alios agnoscerent Custodes præter Eunuchos. Pudet hæc opprobria nobis dici. Sunt qui ingenio ingenium debellant, qui ex ferratis Stymphalidum pennis desumunt spicula, quibus ipsas aves, vivas illas pharetras, interficiunt. Hujusmodi cum audiam Tripodum Oracula, & ambiguo Vates, exemplo præeuntes ingenium, quod Orationibus insectantur. Video Catonem sui ipsius lacerantem viscera; Video Demosthenem proprio Calamo pereuntem. Ad quid autem, dicit aliquis, hispida hæc

*hæc rerum facies? Ergone defluet compitior
 Eloquentia, ut barbæ squallor dominetur?
 Absit omen! Regnet quidem Gravitas, sed
 citra striatam frontem & Vultus Tyranni-
 dem, nè sit inſtar Sileni Alcibiadis, ita in-
 tûs Numen ut extûs appareat Demogorgon.
 Qui in Oratore odit ſæminæ molliſſimam, faſti-
 dit magis agreſtes villos; qui denudat aures
 Rhetoricis cincinnis, extirpat radicibus gena-
 rum ſentes: Neque enim illi accedo, qui con-
 ſultus de optimo Rhetore reſpondit Statuta A-
 cademiæ. Liber noſter non ſtat in catenis
 reus eloquentis criminis, ſed tanquam Tyri-
 us Apollo ideo conſtringitur, nè ſuam gra-
 vatus ſervitutem mutaret Dominum. Faci-
 lis à libro ad Reſpondentem tranſitio, quos
 cum ambos ſimul cogitem, nescio an gemellos
 rectè nominarem. Gemelli; corpora ſi reſpi-
 cias ſunt unius Divortium, ſi animas unio
 duorum, quaſi vulnus à Natura factum amore
 mutuo erat coiturum. O quam ſtudet illam
 Naturæ Diæreſin reſarcire, qui cum libro non
 indulſerit Naſum; prohibere tamen nequit
 quin typis mandetur! ea enim eſt ejus cum
 literis communio, ut literato ejus cumulo
 vel hunc unicum librum addere, erant qui
 ſuperſuum credidere. Vultis omnia? tam e-
 ruditus eſt noſter Reſpondens, ut vereor ne
 tanquam Cataphraſtus miles, onuſtus potius,
 quàm munitus literis videatur. Sed incaſ-
 ſum*

*sum ego molior ; surge tui ipsius Encomium ;
ego enim (tanquam pictum velum, aut ex-
pansum carbasum) spectaculum policeor ; tuum
est, Scaligeri verbo, monstrum perfectionis
ostendere.*

Oratio

Oratio prior habita in Scholis Judicialibus, Domino Doctore Littleton Respondente.

UNicum nostrum & captivum librum cum eodem obtutu quo numerosa tua conspiciam volumina, nescio quin disparis nostræ conditionis luculenta Icon videatur. Me quod spectat Eruditionis nostræ modulum satis unus, satis nullus liber repræsentat; cum tua grandiora merita vix integra complecti possit Bibliotheca. Ad quid autem librorum tantum; ubi magis est literarum? Veteris picturæ fuit opprobrium quòd hîc Canis, fuit adscriptum, cum viva effigies (tanquam præco domesticus) seipsam interpretetur. Credimus te literatum, non propter Authorum, sed propter tuiipsius testimonium. Optimus Nomenclator imaginis est loquax artificium. Propria virtus, non farrago librorum te honestabit, & unicus tuus Orator erit Respondens. O quam superbit Alma Mater, quæ frequentem nuper enixa jobolem in te uno duplicavit numerum! Refert de patre quodam Historia, qui inter filios divisurus bona, primo tantum tribuit, & Lucium cohæredem facit; tantum secundo, & Lucium addit; tertio tantum, & usque Lucium fortune suæ rivalem: cumque

cumque in qualibet cerâ scripsisset Lucium, hoc addit Elogium, Lucius & Fratres sunt Gemini. Quid aliud Gemini quàm Naturæ æquilibrium? quæ cum unum fratrem reliquos Triumviratus regulâ, ad æquare faciat, Quò tum te creavit virtus? Multiplex es in tuis Fratribus, & quasunque laudes illi meruerunt, tu nasceris particeps. Certè si te unum tantum pepererit Academia; multos simul pariat necesse, ut duos dicatur peperisse. Neque tamen de Fratrum copia desperandum est; si enim parturienti Academiæ, ut laboranti Lunæ, sirepitu & sono obstetricandum sit, nullum facilius quam Juridicorum erit puerperium. Crederem equidem vel in ipso utero litigare velle ut citius nascerentur. Hinc est quod tam universa prodit Cadmi seges, ut malè metuo ne vix satis sit litium ad omnes alendos. Quod si bono fato contigerit, armatæ aristæ se metent invicem & (piscium ad instar) ubi præda deficit, vorabunt mutuò. Liciat mihi, Themidos Magnates, Causidicorum vulgus paulum perstringere, ut vestra magis internoscantur merita: cumque aliàs modestia vestra non patiat, in enigmate saltem adulari liceat. Subdola furium scientia hanc inter reliquas excogitavit fallaciam. Fures duo à jurgiis auspicati pugnant simulant, capita pro mutuâ Celophorum libidine probè demulcent, quod cum confertus hinc illinc populus spectatum prodeat, usque præli-

P

antur

antur bellicosi Ancupes, dum à Collegis suis turbæ commixtis, singulorum marsupia pertunduntur. Non in vestram peccabo dignitatem, si nubat hæc Similitudo. Sunt & in vestra gente Cauponantes belli, qui ita disputant, ut quæstionem in alienis oculis inveniant, & (quod pessimum est) in illis exercitiis nullum agnoscunt moderatorem. Ludiones sunt qui ob mercedem pugnant, vestra Disputatio sola retinet liberalitatem scientiæ. Sed Infans encomium addendo detrahit; laudare quod satis nequis est sacrilegium admittere. Age igitur, Doctissime Vir, & Disputatio vestra quæ præcidit mihi Orationis progressum, suo indicio, & vestris radiis magis eniteat.

Oratio posterior, eodem Respondente.

DE Gallis dicitur quod primus plusquam virorum impetus, secundus minor sit quam fœminarum. Digni proscindendi qui ab Uxoribus suis vapularent milites, cum (tanquam meticulosi lepores) fortitudinis suæ sexum mutant. Non tu hujusmodi Tyresias Gallicus, ut virilis anima sit degener in fœminam, & novissimæ hebdomadæ fortis Disputatio subsidat hodiè in sequiorem. Eccum vobis, Auditeres optimi, eundem Respondentem! virtutem parem! noster Hercules non Ancillam induit, nec nobilis ille clavæ terror ad humile ministerium Coli emasculatur. Cestius Rhetor ita sibi & Eloquentiæ suæ supervixit, ut discipulus ejus per cineres perorantis Cestii juraret. Quotusquisque est qui suum ipsius stat Monumentum, cujus vigor igneus in flebile frigescit marmor, idem Eruditionis Cadaver & Sepulcrum? Secus tua divina virtus, quæ emulos prius superare contenta; nunc audaci conatu seipsam molitur; quæ cum alios ita nuper vinceret, nunc ipsam Victoriam captivam ducet. Hoc habet quilibet generosus animus, ut ne Solstitium patiatur; tantum abest ut agnoscat Tropicum. Præstat

æternum fuisse claudum, quam tandem retro-
 gradum. Malo Mulier esse quam Eunuchus.
 Malo nasci quam fieri ignavus. Pristinæ igitur
 virtutis memor iterum descendis in pul-
 verem, & priori gloriâ, tanquam optimo tu-
 bicine, redaccensus instauras prælium. Pro-
 inde à Majoribus nostris cantum est, ut duos
 actus præstarent Juridici; absque enim vobis
 & vestris litibus dualis numerus non esset in-
 ventus. Hinc est quod semel tantum respondeat
 Theologus, ut quos vestra jurgia duos effece-
 rint, ejus Pietas reduces faciat ad unitatem.
 Si Theologia & Medicina cum Jurispruden-
 tiâ de forma concertarent, tam turbida est
 Facultas vestra, ut, me Paride, vestrum esset
 Pomum Discordiæ. Sterilescit hoc anno Me-
 dicina, ut quæ satis novit quod ingruente
 bello, citra Medicorum opem mori possumus.
 Deficit Medicina, redundat Facultas vestra,
 neque mirum tamen quod binos alat ubere fœ-
 tus, cum ad Artis vestræ multæram nos huma-
 num pecus toties veniamus. Gens Amazo-
 num alteram mammam solet exurere, ut ad
 præliandum magis sit accommoda; ambas
 habet Jurisprudentia, & tamen plus quam A-
 mazon est bellicosa. Qui solet omnia dupli-
 care Bacchus à Poetis fingitur bis natus; du-
 plex actus te peperit geminum. Ecce tibi Jo-
 vis & Patris mixtura dulcis, qui disputatio-
 nis fulmine te primum genuit, in amoris se-

mur nunc recondet. Epaminondas moriturus, cum ejus orbitatem desleret quidam, nihil de tam egregiâ stirpe reliquum fuisse : Leuctram & Mantinæam, duas pulcherrimas filias se reliquisse dixit. Quid aliud tua disputatio gemina quam Leuctra & Mantinæa ? pulchræ quidem filiæ, quas ita desponsatas sibi velit posteritas æmula, ut qui in futurum seculum erit doctus, erit Gener tuus. Age igitur, & fortiter ; cavendum enim est ab Achillis fato qui usque fuisti invulnerabilis, in Disputationis calce occidaris.

Oratio itidem habita in Scholis Judicialibus, cum Moderatoris partes ageret.

Cum vos intuear, Jurispiritum Par, simulque reductis introrsum oculis imperiti-
am meam, Areopagum esse in hisce Scholis duplex argumentum invenio, vestram in agen-
do solertiam, & nostras judicandi tenebras. Fabula de Capro inter duos Arietes cursus ar-
bitro, & ab hinc illinc procurrentibus utrin-
que confuso; fabula inquam hæc utinam esset
fabula, nec in Moderatore vestro hodiernum
nacta ἑπικυδίων. Saturni ætas sælix magis,
quod innocens, an misera quod nullis Legibus
instituta, digna vobis quaestio. Gratulor qui-
dem ego primævum scelus; qui primus deli-
quit, primus Solon & Lycurgus fuit, ita Ci-
conia ad modum vitæ damno jura peperit,
& tanquam Autographus Draco, suo sangui-
ne Leges scripsit. Mehercule peccandi In-
ventio, quæ Leges introduxit cujus qui pri-
mus Author extitit, tanto beneficio redemit
scelus, ut facinus infra gloriam fuisse videat-
ur. Nec vestra unius populi; sed Gentium
superbia est jurisprudentia, cujus in clientela
Nationes omnes & Provinciae florent, & de
Juris Civilis ac de Solis communione univer-
sa

sæ participant. Insulas, Urbes & singula Geographiæ frustra Jus Municipale occupat, cum Civile universum Orbem complectatur, & Regiones, ut ut diffitas, suâ tamen sub ditione fæderatas, vel invitâ Naturâ, jubet coalescere. Britannos ipsos, quos cum altero Orbe in balance quadam Natura posuit, Jus Civile (tanquam Isthmus quidam) conciliat, & jugali quadam societate connectit. Neque magis Orbem Jus vestrum colligit, quam illud alterum dividit & articulatim comminuit. Est (quam vellem dixisse fuit!) leguleiorum genus, quos artem nescias an pulmones professos; qui ambiguitate vocis abusi, Forum in Emporium mutant, ubi quid vendant sat superque norint, qui tanti emunt pœnitere. Quid turbæ est apud Forum? Quid illic homines litigant, qui ita clangant, ac si cum Proavis suis Capitolium defenderent? Advertas modo, & audias Damonis Caprum à Causidico quodam pari clamore quo olim surreptum; multum latrante Lycisca repetitum. Sed quid ego illos perstringo, quos vestra cœlitus dilapsa scientia ipsâ comparatione satis arguit? satis per seipsam splendet vestra purpura, ut ne alieno rubore indigeat. Quod meum igitur est, Judex assurgo, vultis, & qualis? qui causam nescio. Ais? Aio: Negas? Nego; tam dubia est nostra Modetratrix Trutina, ut ne pulvisculum habeat Do-

*Grine qui vel hanc, vel illam prægravabit
sententiam. Agite igitur Themidos Supre-
me. Flamen, tuque inferior Mysta, & dum
vos tanto litetis Numini, ego (tanquam Cere-
ris Arcano) sacro excipiam silentio; neque
enim alio consilio huc ascendi, quam quo Phi-
lippi puer, ut Argumenta vestra, si prolixio-
ra, mortalitatis suæ admonerem.*

Ad

Ad Archiepiscopum Cantuariensem.

QUos ad Aram vestram impulit prius
 Hostium malitia, eò Numinis bonitas
 allexit denuò. Supplices qui primum accessi-
 mus, grati jam redimus; & ubi Asylum
 habuimus, eò Sacrificium reportamus, sed
 quantum thuri nostro diffidimus, ubi te Jo-
 vem Statorem cogitamus? Beneficium qui-
 dem vestrum seriò gratulamur, sed & dole-
 mus pariter; cujus magnitudo gratias in tan-
 tum provocat, ut nos ad ingratos necesse da-
 mnet: enimvero nos indigni qui simus grati.
 Edvardus & Elizabetha Virginei Reges con-
 jugantur in gratiis; quorum munera suam ex
 traduce Castitatem non conservassent, nisi
 quod Patrocinio vestro à sacrilego raptu vin-
 dicarentur. O quam fidelis erit ille erga Re-
 gem suum, cujus pertinax Pietas cineres Re-
 gios demeretur! Quam avida interim huma-
 nitas vestra, quæ non nisi tribus seculis con-
 tenta! quæ retro avum intuetur, ut in futu-
 rum prospiciat; quæ ad Proavos nostros ideo
 recurrit ut majori cum impetu ad Nepotes pro-
 filiat. Ut Gratitude igitur nostra coætanea
 sit beneficiis vestris, qui tres ætates beas, ter-
 tiam hominum ætatem vivas. Gratulamur
 igitur Patronum nostrum, quem dum gratu-
 lamur

*lamur fuisse, usque gratulamur fore: quic-
quid enim gratiarum hodierni Clientes non
absolvimus, posteris adimplendum relinque-
mus,*

Dominationi vestræ

maximè obnoxii

22. Febr.
1637.

Magister & Socii

Coll. D. J.

Ad Episcopum Lincolniensem.

Reverende Præsul ;

Litteras vestras ad Doctorem datas , & ad nos tanquam hæredes secundæ cæræ delatas, ut amoris vestri clementiam gratulamur ! Consulto siquidem Amplitudinis tuæ refringis radios, priusquam ad imbellem nostram aciem pervenirent. Solem in unda spectamus faciles, quem in orbe suo non sine lippitudine sustinemus. Quæ fuit scribendi ; utinam eadem esset responsi methodus, ut excusatione ad alium traduce peteremus veniam , & vicario rubore delictum nostrum fateremur. Quamquam si penitus causam excutias , peccamus magis quod deprecamur , & majori obsequio rebelles fuimus , quàm morigeri essemus. Quid enim aliud est peregrinum asciscere quam sanguinem vestrum exhæredem facere. Collegium mater abdicat suos , si adoptet alienos. Si Tros Tyriusque nullo discrimine, Tyrius, vel in propriis penatibus erit inquilinus. Ergone degener tandem vestra familia , & desiderat indigenas honoribus pares. Erubescendum opprobrium ! & dignum quod tantus Mecænas experiundo refutaret. Habet igitur quod imputet Collegium , non quod defendat ; si enim in hoc peccet , quod Jobo-
lem

lem suam habeat charissimam, jussu natura peccat, vestris peccat sub auspiciis : pertinaciori enim amplexu fovet filios, quia fratres tuos : Fratres dicimus, & satis cum superbia repetimus, ita enim cura vestra profitetur Patrem, amor Fratrem; ut non Oedipus majori cum ænigmate sceleratus fuerit, quam tu pius Matris Maritus, & Fratrum Pater. Veneramur igitur Patris & Fratris mixturam dulcem. Solvimus quas debemus gratias & magis debemus solutas. Est beneficium Mantissa gratias admittere, præsertim nostras, quales receptas in damno potes deputare,

Quos Paternitas vestra

Dat è Coll. D. Joan.
16. die Aprilis,
1641.

habet mancupi

Magister & Seniores

Coll. D. Joan.

Ad Episcopum Lincolnensem tunc temporis è carcere laxatum.

Cujus laborantes fortunas pari animorum deliquio diu expressimus, ne graveris si ejus redivivo jubare experrecti triumphemus: hodie enim est quod vivimus postliminio, & in vindictis honoris vestri, quotquot sumus, Virbii. Siquidem in mœrore vestro, quid aliud fuit vita nostra quam nocturno lucubratio, & occidenti tuo superesse quam ingratis Naturæ vivere? Sed salva res est. Reddidit diem redux Phosphorus; & post tanta cum Astris jurgia, Collegium Mater jam tandem fatetur Cælos. Incassum Tubas fatigarunt Veteres ut Eclipsin redimerent. Alma mater suspiriis suis magis sonoris profligavit vestram; scilicet hic fuit felicitatis vestræ somnus, qui tantum abest, ut illam extingueret, ut reficiat potius & alacriorem reddat. Eccum tibi majorem mundum tuum ad exemplar compositum; vel (si mavis dictum) luce & tenebris distinctum! Sol si perpetuus splenderet, nec Aram, nec Mystam haberet Persicam. Enimvero caligantes oculi nostri pacti sunt inducias cum fulgore vestro, quibus finitis ad pristinum redit seipsum. Aspicias quæsumus Clientum nomina, & agnoscas

tot radios à luminoso tuo corpore diffusos ;
 nihil enim de nostro habemus. Percurras sin-
 gulos, & videas teipsum exiliorem semper ad
 modum, sed modo plenius, modo angustius,
 pro variâ speculorum indole repercussum ; at-
 que hinc est quod Imaginem vestram, tanquam
 Collegii Palladium, inter Archiva recondi-
 mus ; ut mater enixa sobolem ad picturam si-
 stat, vultus comparet, & ita umbrâ vestrâ,
 plusquam splendore Phœbi ; distinguat pullos.
 Gratulamur igitur vel nostro nomine novas
 hæc honorum induvias : Vivas in posterum
 fortunâ major. Ingens vester animus, tan-
 quam illud æternum jecur, indignetur vultu-
 rem, quo magis consumitur, augeatur magis,
 & inter ipsos invidiæ molares crescat virtus.
 Ita vovemus,

Paternitati vestræ quam

5. Decemb.
 1640.

maximè obnoxii

Mag. & Socii

Coll. D. J.

Ad

Ad eundem jam factum Archiepiscopum Eboracensem.

Usque & usque quod gratulamur si molesti sumus, utinam indies cresceret peccandi materia. Pietas officii non metuit Cramben, sed vestri honoris æmula indignatur Non ultra. Quin placeat igitur nostris in literis fortunas tuas ruminare, & prolixioris calami gutture (quod Philoxenus gruino voluit) repetere dapum voluptatem. Neque retrò tantum gaudemus, prensamus sinciput, & in futurum gratulamur: providè factum & tempestivè; eò enim perrexit virtus vestra, ut si paululum promoveat, humanos limites supergressus eris ineffabilis. At luxat nobis animos divinus horror, cum sacra facturis eminus, & splendor vester & sublimitas obversentur. Nictat Religio quæ veneratur Solem, & tremore Luminum fatetur Deum. Eadem est nostra oculorum Conscientia, qui radios vestros non sine visus crepusculo sustinemus. Nec minus sublimitatem vestram luimus; siquidem sacrificantium Zelus, tanquam flamma Sacrificii, quò magis ascendit, eò magis trepidat. Sed Optimus emollis Maximum. Clementia vestra disputat cum Amplitudine, & hac amicissimà lite, (quasi
totius

totius Naturæ puerperium) officium nostrum
 est oriundum. Ignoscimus Fatis immodestiam
 suam, quicquid adversi contingit ut favo-
 ris insidias imputamus. Scilicet recurrere
 videbantur fortunæ vestræ, ut fortius profili-
 rent. Comprobavit exitus ingenium com-
 menti. Militans Ecclesia jam triumphat in
 promulside; & fluctuans, ut olim Arca, tan-
 dem in montibus requiescit. Non amplius
 Collegium Mater Canos lacerat, nec facie suâ
 computat miserias. Musæ, quibus vivere fu-
 it Hyperbole, nunc audent vigere; quippe Al-
 titudo vestra (ut Niliaca Ægypti) fertilita-
 tem Literarum ominatur. Enimvero cum
 Astra sint sælicitatis nostræ condi-promi;
 quid est quod à Superis non expectemus, Pa-
 trono nostro in hac Syderum vicinia collocato?
 Orandus igitur es, Archi-Præsul Dignissime;
 ut ambitionem nostram serò sisteres, ut hono-
 res vestros subinde catenares, & cum supre-
 mum fortunæ gradum conscenderis nec dum
 terminetur Climax vestra, Cælum superest.

Dominationi vestræ

Decemb. 12.

1641.

Devotissimi Mag. & Socii

Coll. D. J.

Epistola

Epistola Gratulatoria ad Episcopum
Dunelmensem, qui in Bibliothe-
cam Johanneſem ſæpius fuit Be-
neficus.

Reverende Præſul ;

QUAMVIS ea ſit Liberalitatis veſtræ di-
vina indoles, ut prodeſſe malit quam
agnosci, ea noſtræ Talionis paupertas quæ nec
illam debita gratitudine metiri valeat, nolu-
mus tamen donis laceſſiti alternas deſerere,
ſed Amæbæo gratiarum obſequio humanitati
veſtræ ſuccinere. Ernbeſcimus quidem hunc
imparem congreſſum, ubi tam frequentia vo-
lumina unico gratulatorio Indice colligimus ;
& quæ Bibliotheca vix capit, exiguis Episto-
lii pellibus arctare cogimur. Quotus enim eſt
Mecœnas noſter ? Quam atavis erga nos
beneficiis editus ? qui ita annuus in teipſum
redis, ita cœnantes beneficia repetis, ac ſi no-
viſſima quæque munera recentiori fulgore ca-
ſtigares. Quotuplicem igitur veneramur cun-
dem Patronum ? qui ut cæteris omnibus præ-
ripuit æmulationis ſecundas, ita nec ſibi ipſi
concedit primas ; ſed variatis ſubinde amo-
ris indiciis ſeipſum vicit ; nec diu erit quin
ipſam victoriam captivam ducet. Eſu- iens mo-

Q

do

do Theca nostra ita benignitate vestrâ extendit fauces, ut si qua hujusmodi satius posset capi, à crapulâ propior quàm à fame abesset. Solvimus igitur quas debemus gratias, & usque debemus solutas, dapibus tuis Helluones accedimus; Libris & Honori vestro pariter incumbimus; ita enim commodum nostrum & observantia vestri mutuo nexu alligantur, ut quo quisque doctiores erimus, eò Munificentie vestræ magis memores.

Dominationi vestræ quam

maximè devinctissimi

Mag. & Socii Seniores

Coll. D. 3:

Ad

Ad eundem Episcopum Dunelmensem.

Reverende Præsul, Meccenas unice ;

TAm frequentia sunt erga nos beneficia vestra, tam perpetuis Choreis in orbem acta, ut ducat illa gratitudo nostra, nec anhe-la tamen Liberalitati tantæ respondere possit. Literæ enim nostræ quid aliud sunt quam humanitatis vestræ Echo ? ita dimidiata lo-quuntur vose, nec nisi ultimas ejus syllabas possunt repetere. Quorsum autem medita-mur gratias, quas ne impune usquam egimus, quin nova subinde in vindictam surgit Muni-ficentia. Nolumus tamen, nolumus inulti ce-dere, usque rebelles in obsequio erimus, & quo unico tam divinam indolem ulcisci possu-mus, munera vestra agnoscemus. Desponsasti tibi Bibliothecam nostram (ut Romanis u-sus) per coemptionem, quæ singulas librorum frontes mariti nomine inscripta, tanquam vi-cturo genio Posteritati commendatur. U-num autem præ omnibus Amplitudini vestræ debemus librum, illum volumus memorem Pa-tronorum indicem, qui scriptus & in tergo, nec dum finitus, nomen tuum, ut utramque

Q 3 ejus

ejus paginam summâ cum lubentiâ recorda-
tur.

Paternitati vestræ devotissimi

Magister & Socii

Coll. D. J.

Domino

Domino Edwardo Littleton, Sigilli
Custodi.

Honoratissime Domine,

Quod fortunas vestras infiori huiusmodi
eminus gratulamur, peccamus de in-
dustria, ut scias communem letitiam inde
perceptam, vel ad Reipublicæ talos descen-
disse, Caput ubi lauro circundatur, trium-
phant & pedes. Obtinet idem membrorum
fœdus, ut quicquid tibi accedit decoris, illud
ut nostrum gaudeamus: nec nostrum modò
cum cæteris, habemus quod soli & citra ri-
vales gloriemur. Cum enim pro humanitate
quâ polles maximâ, Collegium nostrum non
ita pridem inviseres (parce dicto cui vestra
Comitas fecit fidem) adoptasse tibi Matrem
videbaris; sed privatam superbiam inter-
pebat publica, & Gratulatio nostra ad Patriæ
Chorum est annectenda. Quæ ante fluitavit
Delos Insula, nato Apolline stetit immota;
olim fabula, erit olim Historia. Reservavit
se tibi fluctuans Anglia Tridente tuo compo-
nenda. Nec nobis diutius frangit animum
Antecessoris fatum, quod in ignotâ arenâ ja-
ceat Palinurus; alter erit jam Typhis; &
decumana quæ illum absorpsit unda te propi-
us ad Cælos tollet. Blandius æquor nemo

non facile moderatur, ut non nisi mare turbidum est periculum te dignum. Enimvero placent discordiæ hac mercede, ut consilio tuo sopiantur; tanti enim est vestrum Regimen, ut majora pateremur. Matæ igitur, Heros ter maxime, triplici omine, ut Militans Ecclesia te agnoscat Scutum, nutans Academia Scipionem, Laborans Britannia Statorem Jovem.

Honori vestro quam

maximè deditissimi

Magister & Socii

Coll. D. J.

Edvardo

**Edvardo Herbert , Domino Herbert
de Cherbury.**

Honoratissime ex utroq; Domine,

Quod vestras graviores curas importu-
no officio intercalamus, peccamus ma-
gis si deprecemur: rapis enim ad illud obsequi-
um tui plenos, & tanto afflati numine vide-
mur nobis non posse delinquere. Enimvero
eadem nobis agendi gratias quæ tibi prome-
rendi incumbit necessitas, & Gratitude no-
stra, ut ut audacior, in hoc saltem erit inno-
cens, quod à Liberalitate vestrâ fuit tradux.
Accepimus libros tuos & Tuos, geminos istos
purioris Tuae Minervæ Filios. O quam (ut ne
quid amplius) fatentur Patrem! Beate, ad
miraculum, Musæ, quod intra Literarum de-
clivia, cum Artium jugula moliatur Ætas,
ipse emineas Scientiæ Columnen & Destina Ve-
ritatis. Libros dum legimus, legimus Unum
Duos. Quàm pulchrè patriffant Volumina!
Quàm gemellos tuos Honores referunt! Sci-
licet, Bilix est vestra Nobilitas, Literis &
Stemmata intertexta. Helicon sanguinis ti-
bi fuit in venis, non minor cruditiois quàm
Natalium Claritas. Amplectimur igitur hos
Fratres in unum, & parentem suum ut U-
num nobiles veneramur. Sed incassum gra-

*tias meditamus, quas magnitudo beneficii ita
provocat, ut simul extinguat. Sic vidimus
Solem ignem accendere, & fortiori radio so-
pire denuò.*

Domine,

Honori vestro quam

Devotissimi.

Ad Doctorem Newall.

Dignissime,

Nescimus enim quali compellemus nomine, quem maternus Collegii amor scribit Filium, misera mallet patronum, penes tuam erit benevolentiam, & Matrem agnoscere, & Clientem reddere: Bibliotheca & Sacellum precantur à Symbolis, & jugali quadam calamitate vestram attrahunt liberalitatem. O quam idoneum nactus es Argumentum, & doctum te profiteri & pinum; nec in tuis ipsis virtutibus sistere, sed & nostrarum Artificum esse! Age igitur, Mecænas unice, & ubi divinam tuam benefaciendi indolem (cui nulla Epistola habet parem Snadam) perlegeris; nullus dubita quin usque erimus, qui sumus Munificentiae vestrae memores,

Magister & Socii

Coll. D. J.

Ad

Ad Magistrum *Wandesforth*.

Quin & nos admittis ad hoc gaudii convivium? Commendat epulas rivalis Stomachus, quas solitaria quadra reddit insipidas. Liceat nobis commensales esse felicitatis tuæ, & in communis Triumphi chorum accedere. Quorsum autem supplices eramus, quod jure nostro possumus exposcere? Ea gaudemus gratis quæ non solliciti ambimus: ubi vero vota nuncupavimus; ubi sedulis precibus Candidati fuimus, non immerito victoriæ letitiam arrogamus. Namque nupera est hæc voluptas nostra; diu est quod extispices egimus virtutum tuarum, & in illis meritis honores providimus secuturos. Nec dum clauduntur oculi: Mater Collegium usque agit Sibyllam; perge vaticinium fortunâ indies viridi comprobare; perge Johannensem Genium agnoscere; perge denique eò assurgere, ut Mater tua nequeat (quod Parentum erga Liberos conspicienda præstant) majori sub specie representare filium. Sed ne nimii, ubi satis multi non possumus; inter virtutes tuos & recentes honores perpetuas

tuas vovemus nundinas, qui serio tibi hoc novissimum decus gratulamur,

Magister & Socii

Undecimo Calend.

Feb. 1637.

Coll. D. J,

Ubi

Ubi aurita satis est filii pietas, ibi vel
 tacite matris est loquax paupertas,
 ita alacris gratitudo non expectat preces,
 sed in alto silentio cognata audit ejulatum
 miserie. Collegium quod vestram lactavit
 adolescentiam, vestra vicissim desiderat u-
 bera, & quem in sinu fovit juvenem, æ-
 tatis agnoscit baculum, & parentes Scipio-
 nem; Bis perimus dum Squallorem repeti-
 mus, & aliis cogimur facere notius, quod
 ipsi nescire malumus: primitiæ doloris no-
 stri Deo sunt debite, eo scilicet angustiarum
 redigimur, ut Sacellum in Sacello quæra-
 mus, nec inveniamus tamen: Quod aliis
 igitur præsidii contigit, ut aram occupent,
 Sacellum sibi interdictum dolet, nisi Ele-
 mosynas quas ipsum erogare solet ab aliis ac-
 cipiat? Habemus capsulam, penes te est ut
 dicamus Bibliothecam. O Quantum hoc ma-
 ne nostrum! tam Augusta domus, tam pau-
 cos inquilinos? Quam pulchrum esset a-
 raneas deturbare? Quam te dignum huic
 putamini congruum adaptare nucleum. A-
 gat prout velit liberalitas vestra, quod pres-
 sius à nobis dictum fuit fusius exponat, opti-

*munum enim ipse Oratorem ages , & simul tibi
quam maxime devincies :*

Magistrum & Socios

Coll. D. 7.

Vinum

Vinum est Poetarum Equus.

URbs Athenæ cum fundaretur, Neptunus & Minerva litigarunt uter Civitatem haberet cognominem, pactum est ut qui majori beneficio humanum genus ditare posset, Urbem nominaret; Neptunus Equum, Pallas olivam produxit, unde victrix Athenas nominavit. Quod si meo judicio stetisset lis, si Neptunus talis Equi, qualis est vinum Author fuisset, dignus sanè qui matri Academia dedisset nomen. Vinum Equus, à cujus ungula dulcior fons quam Hippocrene scaturiit. Equus, qui plures alas ingenio addit quam Pegasus ad volatile remigium accommodavit, qui labra pròluit hoc fonte Caballino, non mirum si in proximo versu Ebrius in bicipiti somniavit Parnasso. Vinum Equus, sed qui sessorem suum sæpe excutit, & ad terram affligit, qui tanquam ille Diomedis herum suum devorat, Pitissant poetastri & longa quasi arundine equitant, cum Ennius ipse pater, nunquam nisi potus ad arma profiliit dicenda. Horatius toties equitavit, ac si vinum tanquam Bucephalus neminem præter illum vectare debuisset. Denique ex hujus equi utero plures prodierunt Ingenii heroes quam ex Trojana, Vinum Equus, at Cervisia

*sia Musarum Mulus majori ex parte Asinus,
vel si Equus Successor potius quàm tolutarinus,
quàm non citius nomino quin stupidus obnu-
tesco. Sed tempus est ut Equus meus habenas
audiat, huc usque Equo vestro paravi Ephippi-
a, tenui stupa, ut vos conscenderetis: Unicum
est quod singulos velim præmonitos, ea est hujus
Equi ferocia, ut sobrium illud Phœbi Consili-
um sit maturum, Parce puer stimulis & for-
tius utere loris.*

FINIS.
